Hugo, a graduate of the Master's program in Film and Media Arts at Temple University, has directed feature films such as Manati, Portrait of a Happy Third-World Town, Corrupted Colombia, and Hamlet Unbound.

Born in 1968 in Bucaramanga, Colombia, he is the author of an extensive body of work encompassing plays, novels, poetry, scholarly works, essays, and short stories.

He has taught Creative Writing and Acting in India, Portugal, the United Kingdom, the United States, Kyrgyzstan, Mexico, and Colombia, and currently resides in his hometown of Bucaramanga.

Ulises Argüello arrives in Globalization with everything in order: documents, expectations, and a plan for the future. Within hours, his fate changes irreversibly.
Alongside Rosa, he tries to make his way in a society that promises order and opportunity. But a blurred incident—amplified by the environment surrounding them—draws him into a public trial where facts lose importance in the face of competing versions.

In court, Ulises is accused, interpreted, and ultimately condemned for a crime that never even existed.

From that moment on, truth ceases to be a starting point and becomes a result. Witnesses, judges, and figures of power intervene not to clarify, but to construct a convincing narrative. Every word reshapes reality.

As the process unfolds, his relationship with Rosa, ambition, fear, and the need to belong become entangled in a system where everything acquires value according to how it fits within already globalized hierarchies.

A comedy or farce in the tradition of the absurd, tracing the journey of an honest immigrant through a machinery that requires no evidence to produce guilt.
A sharp and unsettling work about the power of narrative and the fragility of the individual within it.

Globalization

Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira

GLOBALIZATION

HUGO NOEL SANTANDER FERREIRA

A THEATRE PLAY

Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira

Globalization

Theatre Text

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— I'm unhappy.
— Not really! Since when?
— I'd forgotten.

— Samuel Beckett

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PROLOGUE

Globalization, by Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira, is a theatrical text that presents the world through an operation of lucid dissection, one that makes visible the logic that organizes it. Under the appearance of a high-intensity farce, the work exposes the functioning of an era in which the human being circulates as value within systems of exchange, mobility, and projection.

The readers or spectators of this work will not remain mere passive observers; so present, so global, so relentless is the story of Ulises Argüello that they will be drawn into it.

From the very first scene, the unfolding world reveals itself as both recognizable and slightly displaced. The tension does not lie in the events themselves, but in their formulation: in the way language orders, hierarchizes, and legitimizes. Therein lies its force: language does not describe reality; it produces and administers it.

Ulises Argüello, an immigrant who arrives from "the jungle" with documents, expectations, and a functional belief in the system, becomes a point of condensation. He is not merely a character: he is a surface upon which institutional discourses, economic interests, cultural imaginaries, and collective needs converge. His trajectory — from aspirant to defendant, from participant to symbol — traces the movement of the subject within a broader logic.

The bestiary that surrounds him — Wasp, Hyena, Pig, Rat, Giraffe — functions as a typology of power. It is not an ornamental allegory but a precise structure: an elite that combines discursive sophistication with operational efficiency. The language oscillates between bureaucratic registers and direct forms of expression, generating a

friction that activates a dense form of humor. Laughter appears as a mode of knowledge.

The architecture of the work unfolds with precision: from the initial juridical dispositif in which truth is negotiated, through the intimate space of the second act, where family, affect, and labor are integrated into the same system, to an outcome in which aesthetic consecration and market value converge. Ulises's painting condenses this operation: it gathers traces, gestures, movement, and becomes an object of reading, circulation, and evaluation.

At this point, the work formulates one of its central gestures: the symbolic elevation of the individual confirms the logic that produces it. Ulises acquires universal dimension as a figure that condenses multiplicities. He represents those who do not occupy the center of visibility, because the system operates through singular figures that concentrate a plurality of experiences.

The dimension of language runs through the entire play: accusation, acquittal, and legitimation occur through effective narratives. Truth circulates as a result. Each character participates in this economy, in which meaning is constructed and stabilized.

The spectator occupies a precise position within this dispositif. Their gaze is part of the circuit: they recognize, interpret, and complete the theatrical operation. The work thus unfolds as a space of entanglement.

This prologue offers one possible reading.

For what is shown here is a structure in operation. And within that structure, every element — body, word, image — finds its place.

Leyla Margarita Tobías Buelvas
Sincelejo, April 2026

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In 1998, I was commissioned to produce a didactic documentary film for foreign students, whose purpose was to present the conditions of their stay in the United States as immigrants, as well as the legal regulations they were required to observe. In the course of this work, I became aware of the breadth and weight of these provisions, which led me to approach them in a comic register.

Some of the scenes that today form the second act of this work stem directly from that initial experiment. The script, however, was rejected by those responsible for the project, who opted for its elimination and replacement with a more conventional format: a so-called talking-head documentary, in which an expert would linearly and monotonously present the obligations and restrictions imposed on foreign students holding visas.

Later, my experience in Europe — particularly in the United Kingdom — introduced new elements into this reflection. Despite legal residence and formal integration into the system, living conditions proved to be shaped by structural constraints that permeated the individual's daily life. From this tension emerges the plot that structures this work.

The text is constructed from imagination, understood as a form of reorganization of real experiences. Through genuinely theatrical procedures, it intensifies situations that arise from encounters with normative frameworks that govern the lives of migrants. In this process, an internal logic emerges, which could be described as a form of division: a duality between norm and experience, between legal text and lived reality.

This division finds in art a mode of processing that approaches absurd comedy. In some respects, this procedure recalls the way in which Alfred Hitchcock

transformed personal tensions into narrative structures of displacement, identity, and suspense.

The work was later presented in Hyderabad, at the Annapurna School of Acting, where it received approval for staging. However, during the rehearsal process, resistance arose in traditional circles, leading to the cancellation of the project.

Since then, the work has awaited its scenic realization. I trust that it will find its path in the vision of a director — whether in theatre or film — who recognizes its place within the tradition of absurd theatre, in dialogue with a theme of contemporary relevance such as globalization or, as the comedy itself suggests, with the illusory dimension that runs through it.

HNS

Dramatis personae

Ulises
Rosa
Samuel
Mother
Young Mother
Clímaco
Petronila
Mr. Eagle
Mrs. Cow
Mrs. Cat
Mr. Lion
Mr. Pig
Mr. Fox
Mrs. Snake
Mr. Horse
Mr. Hyena
Mr. Bear
Mrs. Rat
Mr. Wasp
Mr. Monkey
Mrs. Giraffe
Two Guards

ACT I

SCENE 1

The courtroom is fully illuminated, under a controlled, homogeneous brightness, with no shadow zones and no concession to chiaroscuro. The space combines classical architecture with contemporary scenic devices, within an atmosphere of near-clinical clarity, where every element is rendered with relentless precision. Surfaces of pink Carrara marble predominate—polished and light-reflecting—completely replacing wood and returning light in a restrained manner, thereby intensifying the overall scenic presence.

On the back wall, two large vertical portraits of almost institutional scale dominate: Mr. Elephant, in a light-blue suit with a yellow tie and white shirt, and Mrs. Crocodile, in a fuchsia haute couture dress, wearing a necklace of emeralds, rubies, and sapphires whose brilliance captures the light with precision. Between them, strictly centered along the axis, stands the emblem of Globalization: a flag in yellow, pink, and fuchsia framing a clenched fist gripping a fork— a condensed symbol of power, consumption, and appropriation.

At the rear, twelve Louis XIV–style seats, reinterpreted in pink marble and upholstered in aged velvet, form a wide semicircle. None touches another: a minimal distance between them clearly defines separate zones of power, as if each figure were confined within the exact jurisdiction of its own authority.

Seated there is the jury: Mr. Eagle, Mr. Bear, Mr. Horse, Mr. Hyena, Mr. Lion, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pig, along with Mrs. Cat, Mrs. Rat, Mrs. Asp, and Mrs. Cow. All wear hyperrealistic latex masks seamlessly fused with the human face, with natural skin texture and gaze. Frontal and lateral lighting ensures full legibility of their features and appearance.

The men wear finely tailored suits, with clean lines, precisely structured shoulders, and impeccable proportions.

Each suit is in a clearly distinct color, with correspondingly composed ties: Eagle in navy blue with a gold tie; Bear in charcoal with a dark green tie; Horse in deep brown with an ochre tie; Hyena in light gray with a yellow tie; Lion in black with a red tie; Fox in terracotta with a burgundy tie; Pig in petrol blue with a pale pink tie.

The women appear in autonomous, highly precise couture constructions, conceived not as decoration but as structure. Each presence organizes the body through cut, material, and line:

Mrs. Cat wears a black, close-fitting ensemble in satin silk, whose surface modulates light through fine reflections. The silhouette is strictly vertical, with a high collar and a controlled opening at the back that generates tension.

Mrs. Rat appears in a gray dress with a matte, slightly textured surface. The construction is asymmetrical: one side cleanly structured, the other arranged in precise folds that suggest movement without releasing it.

Mrs. Asp wears a deep olive-green dress in dense material that envelops the body without visible seams. The lines flow in a nearly serpentine manner, with subtle shifts along the body axis.

Mrs. Cow is clad in a cream-colored dress whose volume is carefully expanded. The upper body remains clearly defined, while the lower section gently flares, reflecting light softly.

All wear shoes of reduced, precise construction. Jewelry is minimal and deliberately placed.

Elevated at the center of the semicircle, on a discreet platform of pink marble, stands the judge's seat, separated from the rest of the ensemble. Mr. Wasp occupies it. He wears an impeccably tailored black suit with a luminous amber tie. Before him stands an independent lectern of geometric lines, also in marble, on which the case files rest. A cold, precise overhead light frames his figure clearly without isolating it from the space.

In the foreground, shifted toward the proscenium, stand two simple chairs: one for Ulises, one for Mr.

Monkey. The latter, a ninety-year-old man, thin and bent, dressed in a worn light-colored suit, is absorbed in a crossword puzzle. A localized warm light highlights him without interrupting the continuity of the overall illumination.

Ulises, thirty-three years old, light brown skin, slightly disheveled dark hair, wears a well-fitted dark blue suit, a white shirt, and an intense red tie. His presence is mobile. He moves across the stage with controlled rhythm, measuring each step. His face maintains an open, expectant expression.

SCENE 2

At the back, a suspended translucent screen receives a high-definition projection: an ascending street in Bogotá toward Monserrate. The image appears fragmented, with overlays and slight distortions. Ambient sound—footsteps, distant traffic, murmurs—is spatially embedded.

The light shifts laterally, suggesting incline. Ulises moves forward. From the opposite side, Petronila enters—also thirty-three, dark skin, firm expression, direct gaze. She wears layered clothing: a worn long skirt, patterned blouse, thick sweater, and a wide coat. She carries bags and a heavy fabric sack.

They collide with controlled force. The impact scatters objects: coins fall and roll across the floor, their sound amplified; Ulises's documents rise, hover briefly, then descend. The projection intensifies the moment with layered fragments of administrative text, stamps, and numbers.

The jury remains motionless. Minimal shifts of light glide across their faces. Mr. Wasp slightly inclines his head. Mr. Monkey continues solving his crossword.

The action unfolds in the simultaneity of both planes: courtroom and urban reconstruction fused into the same stage space.

PETRONILA
Idiot!

ULISES
Bitch!

They recognize each other, surprised.

PETRONILA
Well, look who it is! Ulises! I thought you were already in Globalization!

ULISES
Miss Corona! I had to wait a year for my papers to be processed. I was a bit lost and—

Ulises steps closer to embrace her.

PETRONILA
Don't touch me! Look at my shirt! It's all wrinkled!

Petronila gathers her coins.

PETRONILA
I'm meeting a friend in an hour. Why are you wearing that suit?

ULISES
My mother gave it to me.

PETRONILA
It's too tight.

ULISES
True. She always sends me smaller clothes so I'll lose weight.

PETRONILA
I never imagined you like this. What are you doing here?

ULISES
(nervous)
Just walking, Miss Corona.

PETRONILA
On a Monday afternoon? Call me like you used to!

ULISES
My love.

PETRONILA
Do you still love me? Don't answer! Every man who leaves me regrets it sooner or later. I've become a drug dealer, you know. My enemies are afraid of me.

ULISES
Good for you.

PETRONILA
I don't believe you.

(Pause)

PETRONILA
Are you going to cry?

ULISES
Are you angry?

PETRONILA
Who's angry here? You?

ULISES
You are.

PETRONILA
I can't believe I ever loved you! You're so insecure!

ULISES
Let me tell you something—

PETRONILA
I'll help you anyway, Ulises.

ULISES
Thank you, but it won't be necessary. I fly to Globalization tonight.

Petronila laughs.

PETRONILA
I've heard that before.

Ulises hands her an envelope.

ULISES
This is for you. I was going to mail it, but since you're here, I'd rather give it to you directly.

PETRONILA
Thanks. What is it? A gift? Or a bribe?

ULISES
I'm not bribing you. My exile is, above all, a political move.

Petronila laughs. Ulises adjusts his tie.

PETRONILA
You're playing detective, aren't you?

ULISES
When I arrive, I'll pursue a Master's in Jungle Arts. The Globalization administration might offer me a well-paid position afterward.

PETRONILA
Promises. Once you've wasted all your money on some rock-and-roll university, you'll end up making tortillas.

ULISES
Globalization encourages its citizens to learn the habits of jungle dwellers.

PETRONILA
Stop being so naïve!

ULISES
Aren't you going to open the envelope?

PETRONILA
I know what's inside.

Ulises sobs.

Clímaco enters.

PETRONILA
Clímaco! Ulises brought us the photos from our first big party!

ULISES
Traitor! Couldn't you wait until I left?

Ulises pulls out a pistol and fires with a trembling hand, unsuccessfully, at Petronila. She screams. Clímaco and Petronila run off in panic.

SCENE 3

The members of the jury applaud. Full light. The projection of the ascending street does not disappear immediately: it contracts, loses continuity, and reorganizes itself into fragmentary layers of records, numbers, and stamps that remain on the translucent screen and faintly reverberate across the marble surfaces. The city is no longer perceived as movement but as file.

Two guards enter and move along straight, mechanical paths. They snatch the weapon from Ulises, place handcuffs on him, and return him to his seat without altering the order of the space: the anomaly is reintegrated into the system. The jury remains motionless; the applause, perfectly synchronized, takes on an almost automatic quality.

The light fixes itself in absolute frontality. Any perception of movement disappears. The space returns to its orthogonal order. The overhead light above Mr. Wasp is finely adjusted, defining him with geometric rigor without isolating him from the whole.

The urban sound fades completely, replaced by a dense, institutional silence.

Mrs. Giraffe enters. Her entrance does not alter the composition but integrates into it as if it had always been planned. The defense rises.

MONKEY
I tell the truth! The defendant is innocent!

Mr. Monkey sits again and returns to his crossword.

GIRAFFE
Thank you, honorable ladies and gentlemen. I maintain that the suspect is not only guilty of the murder of Jake M.

Junior, but also of numerous attacks and crimes against humanity committed in his ridiculous jungle somewhere in a so-called Third World country.

Silence. Mr. Wasp strikes the gavel.

WASP
Order! Order! Order! It is time to deliberate.

Pause.

EAGLE
For me the case is clear. The suspect accused his former lover of arrogance and then tried to kill her in the middle of the street.

BEAR
We do not want such subjects in Globalization!

Applause.

EQUINE
The suspect is a human being. We cannot judge him for a crime he did not commit.

LION
One does not try to kill the woman one has just left! The man is a psychopath!

HYENA
(to the judge)
Your Honor would be too lenient if he judged this man by his previous actions. What matters are the crimes against our society.

FOX
I agree with Mr. Hyena. The entire world is none of our concern.

EQUINE
And if the world burns?

CAT
Then we will burn last.

Silence.

ASP
Just imagining poor Jake M. Junior bleeding in the middle of a Globalization street makes my heart race.

HYENA
(laughing)
Exactly! Jake M. Junior was barely fourteen years old when he died!

BEAR
An eye for an eye!

Applause.

PIG
Can we speed up this process, Your Honor? The Inane Awards are on tonight.

CAT
(euphoric)
Sponsored by Loquita Soap?

ASP
James Wordsworth and Marilyn Hughes will wear outfits worth four million Honorable Units!

COW
(excited)
Who designed them? Ibiza Real? Or Open Your Car?

FOX
The great Miller!

RAT
The designer who predicted the end of the world?

BEAR
The very same!

EAGLE
Nonsense!

ASP
There are people who have been waiting for this ceremony for months in front of their screens!

FOX
I'm sorry, Your Honor, I cannot remain here.

COW
This may be my last chance to see James Wordsworth and Marilyn Hughes together.

PIG
(to Fox)
What's wrong? Are they sick?

COW
They say they have new lovers!

EAGLE
Nonsense! James Wordsworth is in the morgue!

BEAR
No!

CAT
What happened?

EAGLE
He was poisoned by his wife this morning. Of course, some journalists have already maliciously suggested that he

killed himself with a cocktail of drugs, as if jungle narcotics were not to blame.

FOX
(to the judge)
I want to see him burn, Your Honor!

WASP
Order!

He strikes the gavel.

WASP
I will not tolerate such language in my courtroom. Citizens of Globalization no longer die at the stake.

Pause.

WASP
We electrify them or we inject them. What do you prefer?

RAT
We should skin him!

Applause.

WASP
Modern law rejects such barbaric terms. Criminals must die without pain.

ULISES
Why?

Silence.

WASP
Did he ask why?

ULISES
Why?

Silence.

WASP
You are the least qualified person to question our legal system.

ASP
If you have semantic doubts, consult a dictionary.

WASP
The use of dictionaries is forbidden in this court!

RAT
We can inform our victim of his rights!

(to Ulises)
Because you are our victim! Why should we feel compassion for a murderer? We are Christians, but not fools! If anything, we are intolerant freethinkers!

BEAR
(to Monkey)
I want to see him suffer! I want him to beg for mercy on camera! Only then will I enjoy his death!

MONKEY
I am not the defendant, Mr. Bear.

BEAR
(embarrassed)
My apologies, Mr. Monkey.

Images of executions appear on the back wall. Mrs. Rat screams in ecstatic excitement, intensifying as Ulises speaks.

ULISES
Criminals are treated well before their execution because if you were to see their suffering, you would be forced to feel compassion. Citizens of Globalization cannot tolerate pain. Look at any magazine: everyone is smiling. We are expected to believe they are happy. But are they? We do not know. We have the ability to conceal our feelings. We can feel pity for the suffering of a pig or a dog—animals that barely concern themselves with dignity. The clean, painless death of a human being, however, is a tribute to the organization of society. Without horrific screams, spectators may even believe our system is merciful toward its victims.

Mrs. Rat screams and collapses. Pause.

HYENA
Now he lectures us.

Silence. Mr. Wasp strikes the gavel.

WASP
Order!

Silence.

GIRAFFE
(to Ulises)
I agree with you, Mr. Argüello, though I would phrase it differently.

RAT
Can we condemn the criminal, Your Honor?

WASP
Certainly.

Laughter, except from Wasp, Equine, and Eagle.

WASP
Who believes that Ulises Argüello, the legal immigrant, is guilty of the murder of Jake M. Junior?

All raise their hands except Equine and Bear.

WASP
The proceedings will continue.

Mr. Monkey rises.

MONKEY
The defendant is innocent!

He sits.

PIG
(to Bear)
Why didn't you condemn him? I want to watch the Inane Awards tonight.

BEAR
Damn it! I forgot!

ULISES
(raising his arm)
May I say something?

Hyena steps forward and strikes Ulises in the face. Ulises cries out. The guards restrain him.

ULISES
What did I do?

WASP
Why are you striking the defendant?

HYENA
He pointed at me, Your Honor.

GIRAFFE
I saw him raise his arm.

BEAR
So did I.

ASP
So did I.

HYENA
Besides, I don't like him!

Hyena grabs Ulises by the hair, pulls him up, and drives his knee into his face. Other jurors join in.

BEAR
Me too!

FOX
Let's finish him!

ULISES
Please! Don't do this! Please!

EQUINE
This is unbearable!

Amid screams and howls, they drag Ulises offstage.

LION (offstage)
With that face, anyone would believe him!

HYENA (offstage)
He took a thousand Honorable Units from me!

ULISES (offstage)
I'll give them back! Please! Don't!

A dull blow. Silence.

SIREN.

Lion, Pig, Hyena, and Bear return.

EQUINE
And the defendant?

PIG
We took him to intensive care.

WASP
Order! Order! Mrs. Giraffe may continue.

GIRAFFE
The Modestia Aparte group presents the death of Jake M. Junior!

Applause.

SCENE 4

Without the applause fully fading, the space undergoes an internal shift. There is no blackout and no abrupt transition, but a visible reorganization of the same scenic dispositif. The tribunal does not disappear: it withdraws.

The jury chairs remain in place, yet their presence becomes secondary, as though pushed into a second perceptual layer. The frontal light that defined them loses intensity and shifts toward the proscenium.

From the overhead machinery, light elements descend: frames, metal structures, fragments of props left exposed. They do not construct a realistic space but a deliberate simulation of scenography. The reflective floor incorporates visible markings—tapes, lines, boundaries—that reveal the constructed nature of the action.

At the center, an autonomous playing area takes shape: a scenic rectangle within the stage itself. The lighting becomes more contrasted; directional spotlights cut the bodies out of the space, producing a slight theatricalization of gesture.

The tribunal observes.

It does not intervene. It does not leave its place. It becomes an internal spectator.

The following action does not take place outside the trial, but within its logic: as reconstruction, as evidence, as spectacle.

The boundary between representation and proof becomes unstable.

CLÍMACO
I can't believe it! You choose that woman over your brother! Your own blood!

ULISES
I was about to tell you that I'm leaving her forever.

Clímaco enters carrying his suitcases. Ulises follows him, still wearing the clothes from the previous act.

Samuel enters, his body marked by wounds; his mouth is bleeding; he has no teeth.

SAMUEL
I did it!

ULISES
Are you all right?

SAMUEL
I broke my own record! I jumped from a helicopter without a parachute!

CLÍMACO
Samuel Hardrib!

SAMUEL
I did it for my family, for my country, and for myself! Listen, son! I just earned ten million Honorable Units with that jump!

CLÍMACO
And well deserved!

ULISES
Should I call a doctor?

SAMUEL
Are you crazy? Where is the press? Call the reporters! I have to do it again. I will set a new record: the first man to jump from a helicopter twice in one day.

CLÍMACO
And what about this: the first man to jump twice in one day… accompanied by a wild migrant?

SAMUEL
That would be suicide!

CLÍMACO
All the better! Isn't that exactly what people want?

SAMUEL
Brilliant! Yes! Brilliant!

Samuel laughs and exits to the right.

CLÍMACO
I don't need your support anymore, dwarf! I'm in the land of opportunity!

ULISES
Clímaco!

CLÍMACO
Leave me alone!

Rosa rushes in from the left, holding a pistol, aiming toward the right.

ULISES
Rosa!

Ulises grabs her from behind.

CLÍMACO
She's insane!

Rosa struggles to break free; in the struggle, four shots are fired into the air. The sound is slightly distorted. A piercing scream from Mrs. Cat is heard; she descends from her seat and runs to the right.

ULISES
What have you done?

ROSA
Not me, Ulises! You! What have you done?

Ulises snatches the weapon from her hands. Rosa runs off.

Mrs. Cat enters, holding a small plastic lapdog in her arms.

SCENE 5

The light concentrated on the scenic rectangle begins to narrow progressively. The edges of the inner dispositif dissolve without fully disappearing: the markings on the floor, the frames, and the structures remain visible, yet lose centrality.

A focused spotlight descends and fixes itself on the plastic lapdog in Mrs. Cat's arms. The material of the object—hard, glossy, artificial—captures the light with an almost surgical coldness. The rest of the space dims slightly, as if the entire stage were organizing itself around that inert surface.

From the semicircle, Mrs. Giraffe slowly rises. Her jewelry—necklace, bracelets, metallic elements—produces a faint, amplified ringing. As she descends, she crosses the residual space of the inner theater without acknowledging it.

With each step, the general lighting reestablishes itself. Frontality returns. The tribunal regains its hierarchy.

Mrs. Cat steps forward and places the body of Jake M. Junior at the exact center of the stage. The contact of plastic with the floor, slightly amplified, acquires an excessive clarity.

A pause.

Ulises and Clímaco leave the space without being stopped.

The light remains fixed on the object.

Mrs. Giraffe approaches. The glint of her jewelry oscillates precisely across the plastic surface.

Silence.

CAT
(weeping)
Look what he did to Jake M. Junior!

The men applaud.

Mrs. Cat steps back, clearing the center.

GIRAFFE
The forensic report is conclusive. Jake M. Junior suffered considerable distress as a result of the four merciless shots fired by the recently arrived Ulises Argüello. As a consequence, this charming pet was forced to endure one of the most dreadful deaths. As his heart ceased to beat, our hero lay on the ground, raising his small paws for one final view of the sky that once witnessed his birth. Human beings are cruel. To die thinking one would never again be able to relieve oneself in peace, that one's existence would be erased by the zoophobic behavior of a single man! And not just any man! A man from the jungle! Someone rightly excluded from our hierarchical society! Inferior even to any of our bees! Jake, above all, was a beautiful creature, born and raised in Globalization. As the National Institute for the Family History of the Dog will demonstrate, one of Jake M. Junior's ancestors arrived in Globalization in the lap of Perseus. This is a historical crime that cannot be forgiven. Remember the irrefutable maxim in dealing with any criminal: if we forgive him, the crime will be repeated. I humbly propose that we impose the death penalty on this ungrateful, ruthless, carnivorous, and lustful foreigner—Ulises Argüello!

The men applaud.

Ulises, toothless and bandaged, is carried in by two guards.

Mr. Monkey rises.

MONKEY
A title of nobility with more than five letters, banished from Globalization.

LION
Barbarian!

RAT
Heretic!

CAT
Jew!

FOX
Arab!

COW
Irishman!

WASP
Pagan!

PIG
Aryan!

MONKEY
It begins with E!

ULISES
Foreigner!

MONKEY
Exactly!

HYENA
Mr. Lion…

LION
Yes?

HYENA
(insidious)
Now he calls us intolerant.

LION
(loud)
I will not tolerate such disrespect! I am a veteran of the Coconut War! Who are you to suggest that we are undocumented?

Silence.

WASP
Once again: who believes that Ulises, the legal immigrant, is guilty of the murder of Jake M. Junior?

All raise their hands, including the defense, except Mr. Equine.

WASP
The proceedings will continue. The defense may speak.

MONKEY
The man is innocent!

He sits.

EAGLE
(to Equine)
Why didn't you condemn him? I won't be able to watch The Bath of Celebrities tonight.

EQUINE
I had a cramp.

ULISES
(raising his arm)
May I say something?

All the men yawn.

ULISES
I did not kill Jake M. Junior.

Mrs. Giraffe points to Mrs. Cat.

GIRAFFE
Will you deny that you had a relationship with his owner, Mrs. Cat?

ULISES
No!

GIRAFFE
Did you have sexual relations with her? Answer me. Yes or no?

ULISES
Sometimes…

The men laugh.

GIRAFFE
In other words, you seduced her in order to obtain a work permit.

ULISES
What?

GIRAFFE
Not to mention her entire fortune!

(to Mrs. Cat)
Before you met Ulises, who was the main beneficiary of your will?

CAT
Jake M. Junior.

GIRAFFE
She loved Jake! As a good citizen, she wished to ensure her pet a comfortable life once death separated them!

BEAR
(weeping)
How moving!

GIRAFFE
And now, Mrs. Cat, tell us: the day before Jake M. Junior's death—under whose name did you draft your will?

CAT
In the name of Ulises Argüello.

Murmurs.

ULISES
I never heard her mention any will!

CAT
(weeping)
He had promised to marry me!

ULISES
That is not true!

GIRAFFE
Ignorantia non excusat!

ULISES
But this is a staging! Mrs. Cat is a public employee!

CAT
That is not true. I now trade in babies.

GIRAFFE
May I ask how much your legacy for Ulises would have been?

ULISES
She doesn't even have a decent car!

GIRAFFE
I object!

WASP
Sustained!

GIRAFFE
(to Ulises)
I will ask you again: did you conspire against Jake M. Junior or not?

ULISES
Conspire against a dog? Me? Never!

GIRAFFE
Thus he admits his guilt—by denying it!

The men applaud. Mrs. Cat exits.

ULISES
I am sorry that Jake M. Junior died…

CAT (off or recalled tone)
He was a fourteen-year-old boy who loved chocolate, steak, and lobster!

ULISES
There you have it! With such a diet, I'm surprised he could even walk!

BEAR
This man discriminates against the elderly!

ASP
I love chocolate! And I am very much alive!

LION
I want to enjoy my retirement with bloody steaks every day! What is harmful about that?

WASP
Order!

He strikes the gavel. Silence.

COW
Shall we vote again?

EQUINE
Before we do, I would like to ask the suspect a question.

WASP
Granted.

EQUINE
Thank you, Your Excellency.

(to Ulises)
Why did you decide to migrate to Globalization?

ULISES
Me? To civilize myself, like everyone else.

CAT
That is not true! He told me he came to make a fortune!

FOX
Outrageous!

RAT
You came to the best country in the world. Are you aware of that?

ULISES
It has not been so for me.

Murmurs and exclamations.

ULISES
I would abolish countries; they exist only so that border guards may turn goodwill into aggression—and all because of a missing stamp!

RAT
This scoundrel is delirious! I'm surprised our people haven't shot him yet!

HYENA
He is an anarchist!

ASP
To the stake!

Ulises looks upward.

ULISES
(delirious)
I am guilty!

BEAR
Now he seeks martyrdom!

EAGLE
We are not inquisitors!

ASP
(to Ulises)
In your opinion, are we virtuous or vicious?

Ulises murmurs.

HYENA
He said we are viciously virtuous!

COW
I am a dignified citizen.

RAT
I will not tolerate this for another moment!

ULISES
(weeping)
I killed him! But I know my rights! Now that I have confessed, you cannot send me to the electric chair!

PIG
He is delirious!

FOX
He plans to tell the press we treat him like an animal!

HYENA
He even insults us!

BEAR
I will smash his head against that wall!

WASP
Order!

He strikes the gavel. Silence.

Ulises murmurs.

GIRAFFE
Who advised you to declare yourself guilty?

(points to Monkey)
Him?

ULISES
The Designer.

LION
Ah! Do you believe in the Designer?

PIG
I must answer that question; I am a priest of the Order of the Designer. That is my role.

WASP
The question was addressed to the prisoner, Mr. Pig!

Lion strikes Ulises.

LION
Do you believe in the Designer?

PIG
He will not be able to answer your question.

ULISES
Yes, I believe.

All raise their heads.

PIG
He is a liar! I have never seen him in my church!

EAGLE
(angry)
Are you a new Messiah?

PIG
I insist! I am the only one authorized to speak of the Designer and his prophets! This man is a fraud!

ASP
I am the expert here! I work in Oxford and I am an evolutionist! This man belongs at the stake!

EQUINE
I do not believe in black holes either!

RAT
Telescopes do not lie! Nothingness exists!

COW
Scientists are charlatans!

ASP
Are you calling me a charlatan? Me?

EAGLE
(to Ulises)
Do you see the Designer as a bearded man?

ASP
With an apple?

CAT
Is he alone or with two others?

EAGLE
Does he inspire authority or laughter?

EQUINE
This is absurd. I did not know we would be discussing the Designer in this trial.

WASP
Denied! If you prove to me that he exists, I will be forced to withdraw the charges against this convict.

ASP
I agree. For practical purposes, let us assume he does not exist.

The men applaud.

LION
I maintain that this man attempted to kill his former lover in the jungle. Someone allowed him to flee to

Globalization, and as a result, Jake M. Junior died. Moral: no more migrants in Globalization.

MONKEY
The defendant is innocent!

FOX
(to Ulises)
What a disgrace!

WASP
Order!

He strikes the gavel. Silence.

WASP
(to the audience)
Given the special circumstances of this trial, I doubt we can guarantee the defendant a fair trial. I therefore ask the audience to vote on the guilt or innocence of Ulises Argüello. Those who consider him innocent, please raise your hand!

Wasp counts.

WASP
By the authority vested in me by Globalization, I declare Ulises Argüello guilty of manslaughter. I would sentence him to life imprisonment, but on the condition that he never speaks of our spiritual dispute, I sentence him to seven years in prison.

He strikes the gavel. Murmurs.

Mother enters, rising miraculously from her wheelchair, arms open.

ULISES
I made it, Mother!

MOTHER
Ulises! My beloved son!

ULISES
(weeping)
Mother!

MOTHER
I have the visa to live and die in Globalization!

She laughs. Guards take Ulises away.

ULISES
I made it! Mother! I made it!

Murmurs.

WASP
Order! Order!

ULISES
I brought my whole family into Globalization!

Lights out.

ACT II

SCENE 1

A spacious student apartment, generous in proportion yet furnished with selective economy. The space is organized through controlled contrasts.

At the center, a low table composed of a rectangular slab of light wood—matte, unvarnished—resting on two off-white cubic storage modules. On its surface: a bottle of red wine, two fine glasses—not identical, one with a wider bowl, the other narrower—and a glazed ceramic bowl in ivory tone filled with popcorn.

In front, a three-seat sofa upholstered in medium-gray fabric, uniform in texture, without pattern. Two cushions introduce chromatic variation: one in petrol blue, the other in muted mustard, placed at opposite ends.

To the right, a flat-screen television rests on a dark wooden shelf supported by black metal brackets. Beside it, an oval mirror with a thin aged-brass frame leans slightly against the wall, reflecting lateral light.

Diagonal to this, a freestanding coat rack in matte black tubular steel holds three garments, spaced apart: a black leather jacket, a white cotton shirt, and a camel-colored coat.

To the left, a modular shelving unit in light wood, composed of open compartments, contains books arranged by height, horizontally stacked notebooks, and three sculptural objects: a black wire figure with visible tension lines, a plaster block with ultramarine pigment, and a translucent amber plastic piece.

A natural wood easel stands beside the shelf. A raw cotton cloth, stained in greens and ochres, partially covers the canvas.

The floor, polished light-gray concrete, reflects faintly. The walls, warm white, remain bare.

The main light enters diagonally from a high side window. A floor lamp with a white cylindrical shade near the sofa casts warm light. Above the easel, an exposed cooler bulb defines the work area.

Ulises enters: a thirty-year-old student, colorful clothing, a heavy briefcase filled with documents.

VOICE-OVER
Eleven months earlier.

ULISES
Rosa!

ROSA (O.S.)
Yes?

ULISES
Any mail today?

Rosa enters: blonde, 29, high heels, a very short dress, combing her hair in front of the mirror.

ROSA
No… Well, actually yes: an envelope on the floor, next to the sofa.

Ulises startles, searches, finds the envelope.

ULISES
A bill.

ROSA
In your name. Stop playing with that gun.

ULISES
It needs cleaning.

ROSA
To protect me from intruders like you, idiot.

ULISES
Did anyone call?

ROSA
Your mother.

Ulises opens the envelope.

ULISES
Are you going to the beach today?

ROSA
That's none of your business.

ULISES
I need to know. That dress could cause trouble.

ROSA
I'm visiting Samuel. He invited me to dinner at his cabin.

ULISES
The CEO?

ROSA
He broke his record last night.

ULISES
I'd like that. I can drive you if you want.

ROSA
That would be nice.

Rosa smiles skeptically and exits.

SCENE 2

Mr. Lion enters. He does not announce himself nor alter the space: he is already inscribed within it, as if the apartment admitted the administrative presence without transition. His path is straight; he does not explore the environment. He looks at no object. He stands at a precise distance from Ulises, avoiding the center of the table.

The light does not change in intensity, but its reading shifts: surfaces—table, metal, glass—reflect more harshly, as if recalibrated for registration.

LION
Your bank account number, please.

Ulises rummages through his briefcase, dropping objects.

ULISES
I'm not sure where I wrote it down, I'm sorry, it must be here somewhere—

He laughs nervously, pulls out a card.

ULISES
41756000000000000.

LION
Thank you. For verification: the date of your circumcision?

ULISES
Excuse me?

LION
The day your penis was cut.

Mr. Lion exits.

SCENE 3

Rosa enters.

ROSA
Ready?

ULISES
I need to sign a check first.

ROSA
I'm leaving. Forget the gas money.

Rosa exits.

SCENE 4

The stage begins a continuous rotation. The apartment leaves the visual field through lateral displacement without decomposition of its elements. As it turns, it disappears completely.

In the opposite direction, a street in Queens enters.

The new set settles frontally: a wide sidewalk of light-gray concrete with visible expansion joints and small dark cracks. In the foreground, near the proscenium edge, a red hydrant with slightly worn paint at its base. Beside it, a galvanized metal post holds two signs: a rectangular alternate-side parking sign in white and green, and a smaller yellow crossing sign.

To the right, a subway entrance with black-painted metal railings, slightly chipped. From within, a flickering greenish light rises but does not fully reach the surface.

In the background, a row of dark red brick façades with gray aluminum window frames. Some windows have

protruding air-conditioning units; others, translucent white curtains. A metal door with silver and black graffiti marks one entrance.

To the left, slightly diagonal, a streetlamp with an oval housing casts cold downward light. Beyond it, a metal railing marks the beginning of a ramp or descent.

In the distance, elevated on columns, a metal bridge crosses the horizon. Its structural grid stands against a brighter light, as if reflecting a diffuse urban sky. Occasionally, the shadow of a train passes across it.

Sound establishes the space: continuous traffic at mid-distance, an irregular metallic clang, air moving between structures, and intermittently the passing of an elevated train.

Lighting is nocturnal, cold, with localized sources creating contrast without full darkness.

Ulises walks toward the proscenium.

Mrs. Cat crosses in a police uniform, baton in hand, a toy lapdog tied to her waist. Ulises steps back, stumbles—they both fall.

CAT
You are nothing but a guest of Globalization, Ulises. As a permitted foreigner, we expect you to fulfill your duties completely.

ULISES
Sorry, Mrs. Cat.

CAT
Otherwise we may assume you disturb our community or are seeking work.

ULISES
You are mistaken. I received a letter—

He searches unsuccessfully.

CAT
The law of Globalization requires that you fulfill your duties completely!

ULISES
I was on my way to immigration. I must renew my HP-44 form.

CAT
How long have you been here?

ULISES
Five months.

CAT
That is a long time. Our government is kind to scholarship holders from backward countries, but you possess an exceptional privilege.

ULISES
My visa expires in two weeks.

Mrs. Cat snatches it.

CAT
That does not surprise me.

ULISES
No?

CAT
You must schedule an appointment with your assigned officer.

ULISES
I haven't had the opportunity.

CAT
Why?

ULISES
I prefer to avoid it.

CAT
Then you will deal with me.

ULISES
May I tell you a secret? Some foreigners say they were all sex addicts—

CAT
That is ridiculous. I am a competent official.

ULISES
They also say they were former mercenaries.

CAT
History has absolved me.

ULISES
I will trust you.

CAT
I'm glad to hear that. Let me see your form.

Ulises hands a document.

CAT
Your sponsor requests an extension and permission to bring relatives.

ULISES
My sponsor is my mother.

CAT
You must present a new letter from the university.

ULISES
Here it is.

CAT
Bank statement?

ULISES
Sufficient funds.

CAT
How long do you intend to stay?

ULISES
My whole life.

CAT
Insolent. Permits are valid for a maximum of three years.

ULISES
My ancestors were also guided by treasures.

CAT
Go to the gym. I want to see you in shape next week.

Mrs. Cat exits.

SCENE 5

The stage completes its rotation. The street disappears and the apartment returns to the frontal plane, restored.

Side light returns. The easel area is again defined by a colder source.

Ulises stands before the easel. The canvas remains covered.

Mr. Hyena enters. He advances without observing the space and stops close to the easel, invading the work area.

Ulises removes the cloth with a brief gesture.

HYENA
Is your painting finished?

ULISES
Voilà.

He reveals the canvas.

ULISES
It's an abstraction.

HYENA
I paid you one hundred Honorable Units!

ULISES
I am a contemporary artist.

HYENA
You will pay for this!

Mr. Hyena exits.

SCENE 6

The stage does not rotate. It opens into two simultaneous halves.

On the left, Ulises's apartment remains visible. The lateral light persists, slightly reduced. Ulises steps away from the easel and takes a mobile phone.

On the right, an elevated balcony is activated.

A narrow platform with a metal railing of vertical lines defines the front edge. The floor is light tile with a slight sheen. In the background, an urban projection in depth: overlapping buildings, distant traffic, small lights suggesting height and distance. The space is open, with no visible ceiling.

A small side table holds a 1990s mobile phone, gray casing with a short antenna. Beside it, a high-backed chair remains unused.

The light in this plane is cold and lateral, cutting the mother's figure against the urban background. A faint wind crosses the space, barely perceptible in her clothing.

The mother holds the phone and looks toward the city.

MOTHER
Have you just woken up? It's already noon. Work?

ULISES
Not yet, mother.

MOTHER
They told me you're living with an atheist.

ULISES
Her name is Rosa.

MOTHER
A jungle name. Couldn't you find something better? Is she at least a virgin?

ULISES
Yes.

MOTHER
Good. I've decided to manage your inheritance. Clímaco is graduating soon. His party costs fifty thousand. I won't let you waste it on paintings.

ULISES
But I'm an artist!

MOTHER
An artist eats stones. Alexito arrived twenty years ago and already has a car. You've been there five months and you're still begging. Start by cleaning bathrooms. In the jungle it's humiliation; here it's experience.

ULISES
Mother, please—

MOTHER
Fifty Honorable Units. And you sign the document. Or marry that Petunia, or Azucena, whatever her name is.

The mother pauses, holding the phone before the city.

MOTHER
Did you hear me?

The balcony light dims slightly, keeping her silhouette cut against the city. The call sound fades.

Ulises remains in his space, phone in hand.

Both planes hold simultaneously for a moment before losing connection.

SCENE 7

ULISES
Promise me you won't see some man out there.

Light concentrates on Ulises's apartment.

A precise beam cuts out the sofa area.

Rosa is there, in a silk robe, seated with her body slightly angled toward the television. The screen is not visible, but its intermittent cold light strikes her face and the fabric, creating irregular reflections.

The rest of the apartment remains in relative dimness: the central table, easel, and shelf are visible but subordinated.

Ulises approaches from the easel area. His movement is contained. He sits beside Rosa without interrupting her line of sight.

He takes her hand.

ULISES
I love you.

ROSA
I'm going out this weekend; my best friend asked me to go with him.

ULISES
Then I'll study.

ROSA
Again? That sounds boring. Why don't you get yourself a girlfriend?

ULISES
I already have you.

ROSA
I mean another one.

ULISES
I want to finish this canvas.

ROSA
I need to pack.

Rosa laughs.

ULISES
Would you marry me?

Samuel enters: athletic, wearing climbing gear. Rosa stands and kisses him.

ROSA
I live with a man from the jungle.

SAMUEL
I bet sex obsesses him. What does he do?

ROSA
He studies Arts.

SAMUEL
The next Pollock, right?

ROSA
I needed to share this apartment.

SAMUEL
Be careful; they'll do anything to get residency.

ROSA
Let's talk about something serious. Are you going to break your record again?

SAMUEL
That depends on the money. I've already negotiated a hundred-meter jump without a parachute.

Samuel exits. Rosa returns to Ulises. Ulises pours wine. The mother enters. Rosa drinks.

ULISES
Given the privileges a foreigner gains by marrying a citizen, you might suspect I don't love you.

ROSA
I'm not going to marry you.

MOTHER (V.O.)
You couldn't convince her?

SCENE 8

The stage does not rotate. It opens into two simultaneous, non-equivalent planes.

On the left, Ulises's apartment remains, reorganized by focus. The sofa area is active; the rest—table, shelf, easel—fades without disappearing. The lateral light enters weakly, without fully defining volume.

On the right, elevated on a narrow platform, a balcony appears. Black metal railing with vertical bars, aligned pots with dry plants, a wrought-iron chair with a rigid seat. In the background, a distant projection of a warm-toned city, without precise detail. The light is yellow, fixed, nocturnal exterior.

The mother stands on the balcony, leaning slightly on the railing. She holds no device. Her voice does not project toward Ulises: it is spoken as if into the void.

ULISES (To his imagined mother)
Rosa is in charge of several projects.

Ulises does not look toward the balcony. He remains in the apartment, standing by the sofa, responding toward an indeterminate point, as if the voice had no physical origin.

Rosa stands. She takes nothing. She crosses the space without looking at Ulises or the balcony. She exits through the same access she entered earlier. Her exit leaves the sofa empty.

MOTHER
I don't want a useless son. Go and speak to the president of the corporation.

The mother does not move. Only her voice varies.

ULISES
What corporation?

MOTHER
Any. Call them and ask for an interview.

Ulises remains still after Rosa's exit. He does not respond immediately.

On the balcony, the mother steps back from the railing and turns halfway. She does not leave yet.

The balcony light does not turn off but loses intensity. The apartment retains its focus.

The scene does not close: it remains suspended in the coexistence of both planes, without physical contact.

In the apartment, Ulises stands with the phone still in his hand. He does not move for a brief interval.

The mother exits the visual field.

Partial blackout.

SCENE 9

The stage begins a full rotation.

The apartment shifts laterally and exits the frame. A corporate space enters.

A reception area is fixed: floor in polished light-gray tiles; at the back, a vertical panel of frosted glass with a horizontal transparent strip at face level. Behind it, a swinging glass door with an aluminum frame.

To the right, a rectangular desk with a white surface and metal legs. On it: a flat monitor, keyboard, black landline phone, and a stacked tray file organizer.

To the left, two waiting chairs in molded black plastic, aligned against the wall.

The lighting is uniform, white, without marked shadows.

Mr. Eagle enters, followed by Mrs. Cow. Their trajectories are straight, without deviation.

EAGLE
And who are you?

ULISES
My name is Ulises Argüello. I arrived seven months ago. I have learned to speak your language with a local accent. You can trust me.

EAGLE
Do I know you?

COW
He insisted on speaking with you, Mr. Eagle. He wishes to work as the cleaner of your private bathroom.

EAGLE
Do you have experience?

COW
An impressive record.

ULISES
I was in charge of the hygiene of a latrine in the battalion. I can guarantee I will turn your toilet into a shining vessel.

EAGLE
I like that. We need people with initiative.

Ulises exits. He does not say goodbye; his exit is functional.

EAGLE
Is he hired?

COW
We must process his work permit.

EAGLE
What? This is not a charity for third-junglers! You have wasted my time, Mrs. Cow!

Mr. Eagle exits through the glass door. It swings slightly before settling.

SCENE 10

Without rotation, the space remains, but its function changes.

The light cools slightly. The desk is now unoccupied.

Ulises enters from the opposite side, adjusting his hair with his hand. His movement is less assured than before.

COW
(Wiping her tears with a large red silk handkerchief.)
The position has already been filled. Our decision is based on our current needs. We suggest you remain in contact for future opportunities.

Mrs. Cow and Ulises exit in opposite directions.

SCENE 11

The stage rotates or is replaced frontally. The corporate space disappears completely.

An urban intersection appears.

Two streets intersect at a right angle. The asphalt, dark gray, shows signs of wear: dashed white lines on one axis, worn pedestrian crossings on the other. On the corner, a metal “STOP” sign mounted on a galvanized post; above it, a horizontal arm holds a three-light traffic signal, currently red.

In the foreground, a red hydrant with chipped paint at the base. A few meters away, a rectangular drain with a metal grate. The sidewalk, in light concrete, shows visible joints and small cracks.

In the background, two-story reddish brick façades: windows with white frames, some with protruding air-conditioning units; a closed shop with a partially graffitied metal shutter; an unlit sign.

A streetlamp casts cold light from above, producing defined shadows. The traffic light emits a red glow that bathes part of the intersection.

Sound precedes the action: continuous traffic, engines at varying distances, a brief honk, the distant passing of an elevated train.

Light fragments into moving beams crossing the space, simulating passing vehicles.

Ulises enters diagonally, crossing without obeying the signal.

From the opposite axis, a bicycle bursts in at speed.

Single impact.

Ulises is thrown and falls onto the asphalt near the crosswalk line. The bicycle partially collapses; its front wheel keeps spinning.

At that same instant, a third car—represented as a scenic fragment: a front section with a lit headlight—enters laterally and stops abruptly in the middle of the intersection, without having caused the collision. It remains on, motionless, without functional continuity.

Short cries. Breaking glass.

Sound reduces to a distant background.

Light fixes into a frontal beam isolating Ulises's body.

Mrs. Cat enters.

CAT
I had to run you over.

ULISES
I must go to a hospital.

CAT
If you hadn't come to this country, I would never have run you over! Have you updated all your documents?

ULISES
Of course.

CAT
Including your health insurance?

ULISES
My health insurance?

CAT
You must obtain insurance; the law requires it.

ULISES (nervous)
Very kind of you, Mrs. Cat.

Mrs. Cat holds him.

ULISES
How much would the hospital charge?

CAT
It could cost you up to ten thousand Honorable Units a day.

ULISES
Ten thousand a day?

CAT
Globalization's healthcare is the most expensive in the world.

ULISES
Isn't it included?

CAT
So you don't have insurance?

ULISES
The truth is, no.

CAT
You have committed a serious crime, Ulises.

Mrs. Cat releases him. Ulises falls.

ULISES
I thought it wasn't necessary.

CAT
Withdraw your money. Let's go to the hospital.

ULISES
Forget it.

CAT
I can't leave you here.

ULISES
Please.

CAT
Take off your shirt.

Ulises obeys. Mrs. Cat examines him.

CAT
I will accept your statement, on one condition.

Mrs. Cat kisses Ulises.

CAT
You will have to visit me on Valentine's Day.

ULISES
I… uh…

CAT
It only takes one complaint from a citizen, just one, for a third-jungler immigrant to be deported, you know?

ULISES
Deal.

CAT
Be grateful it was me who ran you over.

They exit in opposite directions, Ulises limping.

SCENE 12

The stage opens onto a light structure elevated among vegetation, anchored at the edge of the Chicamocha Canyon. The house does not fully rest on the ground: it stands on slender stilts descending among rocks and roots, visible in the foreground.

The floor is a platform of light wood, parallel slats with minimal spacing between them. To the right, a low railing of frameless tempered glass allows a direct view into the void. Beyond it, a large background screen projects the canyon: deep slopes, discontinuous vegetation, wide sky. The image shows slight atmospheric variation: shifts in light, faint movement of clouds.

The house is not enclosed. A light roof plane—translucent sheet supported by thin beams—casts partial shade. There are no full walls: only fragmented vertical panels that do not interrupt visual continuity.

The space is densely occupied by plants: hanging ferns suspended from the roof; clay pots with blooming bougainvillea (intense pinks), columnar cacti in cylindrical containers, vines climbing along tensioned cables between columns. Some leaves invade the circulation space.

Sound is continuous: wind rising from the canyon, birds at varying distances, a low hum of nocturnal insects. No traffic, no city.

CLÍMACO enters, a 25-year-old hippie, silk garments, accompanied by the MOTHER and PETRONILA, a young bald, slender woman in a yellow dress, carrying two dolls.

Clímaco advances first, without fixed axis, moving among the plants without touching them. His fabrics catch the exterior light and fragment it.

Petronila enters holding the two dolls, one in each arm, upright, facing the mother.

The mother stops before the glass edge. Her cedar cane strikes the wooden floor with a dry sound.

MOTHER
Ah, dear Petronila! What a pleasure to see you. And these beautiful babies?

PETRONILA
(smiling with false sweetness)

Your grandchildren, madam. Don't you recognize them? They are identical to Clímaco.

MOTHER
(observing the dolls with disdain)
These are not my grandchildren. They are plastic dolls.

PETRONILA
Then tell that to your son. He insists they are his… and that I am the perfect mother.

MOTHER
I would rather be in Globalization, where young people leave the elderly in peace.

Petronila drops the dolls onto the sofa with a dry thud. The wind intensifies, violently shaking the bougainvillea.

CLÍMACO
Any news from Ulises?

MOTHER
He had an accident. But he's fine. I manage his inheritance.

PETRONILA
Will he come to your graduation party?

MOTHER
Absolutely not.

CLÍMACO
Globalization is a gold mine. What are you waiting for to send us money?

MOTHER
I would have preferred to send you. You are smarter.

CLÍMACO
I am too honest.

PETRONILA
(laughing with sarcasm)
My poor honest man… who neither works nor studies, but knows how to spend money he doesn't have. I am the one who supports this house, or have you forgotten?

Awkward silence. Petronila moves toward the glass edge and looks into the canyon.

PETRONILA
Life in the jungle is becoming more and more dangerous. One never knows whom one is selling to… or how much time is left.

CLÍMACO
And in Globalization, isn't it?

MOTHER
There, whoever loses their head ends up in the news… and even becomes a legend.

CLÍMACO
We are going to emigrate.

MOTHER
That is a wise decision.

PETRONILA
(turning sharply toward them)
Do you think Ulises will just take us in like that? Because I am not going there as a beggar or a dependent. If I go, I go with status.

CLÍMACO
It is his duty. My parents invested a fortune in his trip.

The mother approaches and smells Clímaco's clothes with disgust.

MOTHER
Are you smoking again?

CLÍMACO
Only from time to time.

MOTHER
(suddenly sobbing)
He often falls into depression… and now that he no longer has it, that woman will leave him.

PETRONILA
(aggressive)
What exactly did you tell her about me, coward?

CLÍMACO
I don't hide secrets from my mother.

PETRONILA
I hate you! You are useless and a gossip.

Clímaco raises his hand to slap her. Petronila grabs his wrist mid-air, strikes his face with a sharp punch, and pushes him.

CLÍMACO
(sobbing, touching his face)
Now that I don't have it, she will leave me!

PETRONILA
For once in your life you understood me!

MOTHER
(calm, almost amused)
My dear son… always trusting my word.

The mother slowly rises. The wind intensifies. The three figures remain suspended for a moment at the canyon's edge.

She approaches Clímaco and speaks close to his ear, audible, without taking her eyes off Petronila.

MOTHER
(near his ear)
It will be best if we slip away quietly. Without giving her time to make a scene. We leave tonight. Then we send her a letter with the divorce already arranged. I will take care of it.

Petronila, who has overheard part of the conversation, stiffens.

MOTHER
(turning to Petronila with false tenderness)
Take good care of yourself, dear.

The mother exits leaning on her cane. Clímaco follows without looking at Petronila.

Petronila remains alone at the canyon's edge. The wind whips her dress. She looks at the dolls, then at the abyss.

PETRONILA
(low, with contained rage)
Sons of a vile lady…

Partial darkness. The wind and canyon sound continue.

SCENE 13

Dream. The space is distorted from the outset.

The floor loses horizontality: it curves in soft undulations, like a pliable surface. The apartment appears decomposed: the sofa stretched toward the back, the table tilted diagonally, the easel duplicated—one upright, another inverted and suspended. A doorframe floats without a wall; a staircase rises without destination.

Plants hang in contradictory directions. Some objects cast disproportionate shadows; others cast none.

Lighting is multiple and incoherent: lateral sources create long shadows while frontal light flattens bodies. Saturated colors: intense yellows, dense reds, dark greens.

Clímaco slaps Petronila. The gesture is delayed, as if moving through a dense medium.

Petronila punches him, the movement slightly out of sync, like a physical echo.

A symphonic tango is heard, but fragmented: it enters fully for a moment, cuts abruptly, resumes elsewhere.

Petronila exits in a gust; her trajectory is not straight—she seems to slide laterally.

Clímaco follows, but his figure duplicates briefly before disappearing.

The mother remains, although her chair had not been visible before: it emerges from the floor as if it had always been there.

MOTHER
My dear son, so flattering, always trusting my word. I was not so understanding with my own mother. She loved me deeply, and yet she suffocated me, agonizing for ten years, day and night, in a gray bed. It is time to move to Globalization. Let us ask Ulises for a photograph of his girlfriend; I will not accept the care of a fetid and fat daughter-in-law.

The mother stands. Her figure stretches slightly, as if gravity were altered. She exits, leaving a visual echo: a residual silhouette that takes time to fade.

Rosa and Samuel enter dancing. Their movement is discontinuous: they advance, stop, retreat without transition. Their steps do not always match the music.

Ulises enters from the left with a heavy old camera. The tripod opens with a slight delay, as if anticipating the gesture.

ROSA
If Ulises likes flattering his mother, that's his problem. I have no reason to justify myself. Why should he carry a photograph of me? Nothing displeases me more than smiling in front of a camera. I told him: "I won't do it! Insist all you want, I won't!" We haven't slept together since then.

As she speaks, the space fluctuates: the sofa briefly returns to normal, then distorts again; the table levels, then tilts once more.

A sudden white flash, with no visible source.

Rosa screams. The music cuts violently.

ROSA
(hysterical)
Ulises! Damn it! I'm talking to you! How dare you?

(to Samuel)
Did you see? Ulises got his way! He photographed me without my consent, Samuel!

Samuel exits, but his exit duplicates: he crosses the space twice in nearly identical paths.

Rosa approaches Ulises, slaps him and embraces him in one continuous motion.

ROSA
You're all I have for now!

The mother's laughter is heard, without a visible body.

Rosa kisses Ulises.

The mother reappears in the background, holding a shard of broken glass. It does not reflect a single image: it fragments space into multiple planes.

MOTHER (V.O.)
I longed for a golden-haired son when Ulises came into the world; instead, a red ball that would not wash clean. I washed him in bleach for a week until he bled. Then I convinced myself that a redhead would do.

The light turns milky. Contours blur.

Ulises and Rosa eat popcorn in front of a television that floats slightly, tilted toward them.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Years later he told me he wanted to study art. I asked him: and how will you live? He did not listen, and there he is, in need.

Clímaco enters. He does not come from a defined entrance: he is already there.

Ulises and Rosa face him.

CLÍMACO
(to the audience, smiling)
Our business is the sale of glass. Ulises is ashamed of the

art of profit, but without glass he would never have studied in Globalization. It was not knowledge but cunning that brought prosperity to our house. I always knew Ulises was nothing but a loser. I can take glass anywhere in the world.

As he speaks, glass multiplies: reflections appear in the air, on the floor, on bodies, without identifiable source.

Clímaco exits.

A strong wind is heard. It does not affect everything equally: some plants shake violently, others remain still.

SCENE 14

The dream deformation withdraws in a continuous process.

The undulations of the floor descend until horizontality is restored. The sofa shortens back to its original proportions; the table corrects its tilt; the suspended easel descends and becomes singular. The plants regain verticality. Shadows unify under a single source.

Warm lateral light enters from the window and fixes the volumes. The colder source over the easel is restored. All duplication and distortion disappear.

The apartment is fully reconstituted.

Rosa is now seated on the sofa, stable, without doubling. She looks toward the television offstage. Her presence no longer fluctuates: she belongs to the space.

Ulises stands beside the sofa, holding the pistol.

ROSA
I'm bored. I'm leaving.

ULISES
Would you mind if I came with you?

She does not move.

ROSA
There's a snowstorm.

ULISES
It's the storm of the century. I'll take advantage of it to complete all the pending chores of this household.

Ulises takes the pistol from the sofa—now with full physical continuity—goes to the shelf, takes out a cleaning kit, and cleans it with methodical precision.

ROSA
Don't you have a better plan than that?

ULISES
It's the storm of the century.

ROSA
Nonsense. Is it very dirty?

ULISES
You can tell you've had it for years. What's its story?

ROSA
A woman who had been assaulted recommended it to me. (Pause.) Did you send that photo to your mother?

ULISES
She likes you!

Rosa stands abruptly.

ROSA
And I'm supposed to believe that? I'm sick of your mother! You're pathetic! You obey her in everything. How abusive! If I were you, I would have sent her to hell already!

ULISES
That would hurt her.

ROSA
So what? Maybe she would learn to appreciate you.

ULISES
She created me.

ROSA
She gave birth to you! How many times do I have to tell you? We are nothing but filth. You'd better get a job!

Rosa exits.

ULISES
Rosa!

Ulises hides the gun in the sofa. He stands, walks around it, tracing its full perimeter.

Blackout.

SCENE 15

Explosion of light.

The stage is revealed as a luxury casino in Las Vegas.

The floor, covered in thick carpet with geometric patterns in reds, golds, and blacks, partially absorbs footsteps. Rows of slot machines align in perspective, each with luminous screens, backlit buttons, and looping graphic sequences.

At the center, gaming tables: immaculate green felt, chips stacked by color—red, black, ivory. Dealers in white gloves execute precise, repetitive movements without looking at players.

Above the tables, circular suspended lamps cast concentrated warm light, leaving the rest in controlled dimness. Beyond, mirrored columns multiply the space in partial, offset reflections. Vertical LED screens display numbers, symbols, and rising jackpots without pause.

Sound is continuous and non-hierarchical: digital chimes, chips striking surfaces, overlapping voices, brief laughter, distant announcements. No single element dominates.

Light has no single source: intermittent flashes travel across the space, reflecting on metal and glass. No area is fully dark.

Ulises appears within the flow, at the center, without a clear axis. His body does not synchronize with the environment: he remains still for a moment while everything around him continues.

Without visible transition, Mr. Pig and Mr. Fox are already beside him. They do not enter; they materialize as part of the system.

Ulises immediately kneels and kisses a thick graduation ring. The gesture occurs amid the ongoing casino flow, which does not pause.

PIG
I asked candidates to cross Globalization from coast to coast as proof of loyalty, but you were the only one who came. Was I too eccentric?

ULISES
I would say rather wise, lucid, sensible, intelligent, rational, prudent, astute, shrewd, careful, gentle.

PIG
Enough! Thank you! Where are you from?

ULISES
I am from the jungle.

PIG
Do you intend to return?

ULISES
Over my dead body.

PIG
We appreciate your honesty; we need trustworthy employees, capable of enduring extreme sanitary conditions.

ULISES
I am a survivor. Every fifteen minutes a man, woman, or child is killed in my country.

FOX
My congratulations!

PIG
Do you speak another language besides the civilized one?

ULISES
Seven Guane dialects.

PIG
Guane?

ULISES
An ancient Globalization that flourished in—

PIG
Enough! Can you cook?

ULISES
I would love to.

PIG
Done then. Zorry, hand the contract to this kitchen assistant, brave survivor of the jungle, and we'll meet at the beach.

Mr. Fox does not move toward a desk: he pulls a sheet of paper and a pencil from among the casino chips, as if they belonged to the same system.

Choreography: as Ulises receives the contract, a sequence of lights runs across the machines; the dealers turn in unison for a second; the sound reaches a peak and then returns to its constant level.

ULISES
How many Honorable Units will I earn?

The casino does not respond. The flow continues without acknowledging the question.

PIG
Five hundred a month.

ULISES
Isn't that rather little?

PIG
Better than nothing.

ULISES
Of course! How many hours per week?

FOX
Sixty-four.

ULISES
Heavy, huh?

PIG
Do you want to work or not?

ULISES
Of course! Schedule?

PIG
From six in the morning until midnight.

ULISES (laughs)
Seriously?

FOX
Seriously.

PIG
What's the joke?

ULISES
It was out of happiness! I accept!

FOX (aside, to Pig)
You didn't tell him he must take care of my stable!

PIG
There is no need to mention it; once hired, he will obey.

Pig and Fox exit.

SCENE 16

The casino space enters a progressive modulation.

The light intensity descends into a dim amber range; flashes reorganize into longer pulses until they remain as residual reflections on metallic surfaces. LED screens hold fixed figures, suspended at a single value. Sound reorganizes in layers: first the chips remain, then a low murmur, finally a continuous hum that settles as a base.

Gaming tables shift laterally on rolling platforms. Slot machines rotate on hidden axes and turn away from the main visual field. The center of the stage clears and acquires an operational neutrality.

From the back, a walkway of light wood—visible planks, assembled without varnish—extends toward the proscenium. Its texture absorbs light and redefines the space as a zone of transit.

On this new surface, two simultaneous planes emerge: on one side, an urban passage zone; on the other, a suspended space of interlocution.

The MOTHER and CLÍMACO cross with continuous movement, as if traversing their own axis that requires no spatial justification. Their scale remains stable relative to the rest of the dispositif.

ULISES
I have a job, mother!

MOTHER
Doing what?

ULISES
Cooking.

MOTHER
Wouldn't you do better as a manager? Have you already applied to General Motors?

ULISES
No, mother.

MOTHER
What are you waiting for?

Ulises advances along the walkway and integrates into the scenic depth until he disappears.

CLÍMACO (to the mother, laughing)
Do you remember Víctor? The employee who cut his wrist with broken glass?

MOTHER
The thief who sued us.

CLÍMACO
He is now our new mayor!

MOTHER (almost fainting)
My God!

CLÍMACO
I must travel, mother! I must travel!

MOTHER
Do not forget to correct your brother.

They continue moving and dissolve into the sides, where the casino structures become abstract scenic volume.

Light now concentrates on a low horizontal zone.

SCENE 17

A new space is configured through superposition.

The floor adopts a matte dark-gray texture, continuous. A bed is installed upon it: minimal structure, low base, firm mattress, linens in neutral tones—off-white and light gray—without excessive folds.

The background receives an organic projection: shadows of sinuous branches moving slowly, as if exterior light passed through shifting foliage. Their scale exceeds real proportion, creating an enveloping environment.

The main lighting comes from a low lateral source, warm in temperature, cutting the bodies without hardening contours. A second, colder and more diffuse source enters from the back, merging with the projection.

Sound introduces a continuous layer of moving air, with soft variations. Leaves brushing are perceived, without identifiable source.

Ulises and Rosa lie on the bed, aligned on the same plane, without physical contact.

ROSA
I already told you. I can't.

ULISES
What do you want then?

The scene holds in that unresolved proximity, the space fully stabilized in its new logic.

ROSA
I'm very young; I have my doubts.

ULISES
And next year? Will we continue?

ROSA
I don't know. Maybe I won't love you, maybe you won't love me.

ULISES (after a silence)
True. I've been a fool, Rosa.

ROSA
That's how love is.

ULISES
Thank you for teaching it to me.

ROSA
I am Mrs. Bitch, don't forget.

Pause.

ULISES
Yes, and you warned me. Even so, I thought you liked me.

ROSA
You only wanted to be loved.

ULISES
I know. Love is so selfish. Like you and me.

ROSA
Don't I make you happy?

ULISES
I feel insecure. (Pause.) I would like to think I have buried my past for you. Yet that would be a lie. Like believing I

am happy now, like believing in this day, like believing in you, like believing in my memories and in myself. (Pause.) What always tortures me is the future. But anyway, I live. For now. If I suffer, it is because I want to.

ROSA (tender)
It's not that I don't love you, Ulises.

Ulises rests his head on Rosa's chest.

ROSA
You feel powerless, like all the men I know.

Ulises withdraws.

ULISES
Why do you have to compare me to him?

ROSA
To whom?

ULISES
To anyone.

ROSA
Do you love me as your girlfriend or not?

ULISES
Yes!

ROSA
You're so naïve, Ulises. Look at yourself! Offended once again. I'm not with you to make you suffer.

ULISES
You feel so far away.

ROSA
I hope you don't take offense, baby, but your accent is getting worse and worse.

SCENE 18

The bed space reorganizes into an administrative environment.

The bed base descends slightly and is absorbed into the floor. From the background emerges a translucent vertical plane functioning as a data screen: numbers, columns, and dates arranged in white typography over a bluish-gray field. The rest of the space adopts a precise orthogonal geometry.

At the center, a black glossy table, without visible texture, supported by a single metal column. On it, a thin laptop emits a constant cold light. Two facing chairs—light aluminum structure, dark polymer seats—fix the axis of interaction.

Lighting concentrates into a high neutral white, without marked shadows. A line of light runs along the perimeter of the floor, delimiting the area like an interface.

Knocking on the door: three dry, perfectly spaced impacts, amplified with short reverberation.

Ulises exits and immediately returns with Mr. Lion.

LION wears an impeccably cut suit composed of sharply defined color blocks: deep red jacket, cobalt blue trousers, mustard-yellow vest, optical white shirt, emerald green tie. Colors do not blend; each plane remains fully saturated. Black high-gloss shoes. His lion mask is

hyperrealistic, with controlled mane and a precise gleam in the eyes.

LION
We apologize for the confusion. I understood 0001. I am now certain your number is 0000.

ULISES
I was beginning to worry, believe me.

LION
A single digit can alter the destiny of a nation. What can the EMIGRANT UNION corporation do for you?

ULISES
I was wrongly charged thirty Honorable Units extra on my last statement.

Mr. Lion opens the laptop. The screen casts cold light onto his face, intensifying his features.

LION
You are correct. Your payment was received on Monday the fourth. Your due date was June first. Unfortunately, you paid too late.

ULISES
If you count the weekend days, yes, three days. But it was only one business day.

LION
I'm sorry. Our computers do not think that way.

ULISES
But that's unfair!

LION
Our system is very strict. It does not allow us to change the balance.

ULISES
Last month you charged me a penalty as well.

LION
You are correct: you sent your payment too early. It was received May sixth. It was due on the seventh. You paid one day in advance.

ULISES
But I sent it on the fifth! You should have received it on the tenth, not the seventh!

LION
If you wish to sue us, we can offer you a loan to hire a lawyer.

ULISES
I cannot go into more debt!

LION
What will happen if you do not settle your debts?

ULISES
It may happen.

LION
I understand. Do you smoke? Drink? Sexual relations with more than two partners?

ULISES
No. Little. Not that I know of.

LION
We would recommend that you sell one of your kidneys at our recovery center in Constantinople.

ULISES
Thank you.

LION
The first EMIGRANT UNION corporation wishes you a pleasant day, sir, and thanks you for trusting us.

Mr. Lion closes the laptop. The table loses its shine. The perimeter light line fades. The data plane dissolves into a neutral surface.

Ulises checks his watch.

Ulises exits.

Brief blackout.

SCENE 19

The space reappears as an apartment of absolute luxury, conceived under a total white monochrome.

The floor is entirely covered with a dense white fiber carpet, uniform in texture, without visible pattern, absorbing the sound of footsteps. The walls, smooth, matte white, lack moldings; the junctions between planes are precise, without visible seams.

A large-format sofa upholstered in slightly satin white leather occupies the center. Its lines are broad, continuous, without apparent stitching. Cushions in the same tone vary only in density, not in color.

At the back, heavy translucent white curtains cover a full-height window. Light passes through evenly, without revealing the exterior, creating a continuous luminous surface.

On the walls, large monochrome paintings: white surfaces with barely perceptible reliefs, revealed only by the incidence of light.

A low table, also white, with a glossy lacquer finish, reflects the environment with controlled clarity. No decorative object introduces any other color.

The ensemble follows a logic of excess through purity: everything is white, everything is surface, everything is continuity.

Lighting is extreme.

An intense frontal light, neutral-high in temperature, bathes the space uniformly, eliminating almost all shadow. A second overhead source reinforces the center, generating controlled brightness over the sofa. A lateral cold light outlines the bodies with a barely perceptible edge, separating them from the background.

The space vibrates through luminous saturation, not contrast.

Mrs. Cat enters.

Her black attire immediately fractures the environment: a structured dominatrix suit in satin black with smooth leather inserts, precisely fitted. Corset with visible boning structuring the torso; discreet shoulder pads; long gloves up to the elbow in glossy material; high boots above the knee with firm heels. Aged silver metal hardware—rings, buckles—distributed symmetrically. The feline mask retains its natural texture, seamlessly integrated.

In her right hand, a finely braided black leather whip.

Ulises enters.

The whiteness of the space intensifies his figure, projecting it with almost clinical clarity.

Mrs. Cat executes a precise gesture: she raises her arm and brings the whip down onto the floor.

The impact produces a dry, sharply defined sound that expands through the absorbent space without prolonged reverberation.

CAT
You're late.

ULISES
I had to pay a loan.

CAT
A bank loan? You are not entitled to request loans while you live in Globalization.

ULISES
What a charming apartment!

CAT
You are at home.

Ulises settles into the sofa. Mrs. Cat approaches, caressing him with the whip.

CAT
You are lucky that I am so supportive of tall, hairy jungle studs.

ULISES
Hairy? Tall? Me, a stud?

CAT
Do you want your relatives to visit you?

ULISES
Yes. I want to invite my brother Clímaco to accompany me while I complete my research.

CAT
Does he live in a jungle barn?

ULISES
He has a barn, yes! How did you know?

CAT
Instinct.

ULISES
Actually, he lives in a four-bedroom apartment.

CAT
And he has no visa. Immigration requires that he demonstrate sufficient funds.

Mrs. Cat places the tip of the whip on Ulises's mouth.

CAT
You don't have to tell me; you have to prove it.

She grabs him by the hair.

CAT (voluptuous)
I regret to inform you, but your brother is not a member of your immediate family.

ULISES
I always suspected it.

CAT
In legal terms, your immediate family consists of parents, spouse, and children.

ULISES
Clímaco won't like that.

CAT
But you can invite him as your son if you adopt him.

ULISES
Wouldn't you report me?

CAT
How could I report a man so provocative?

Mrs. Cat kisses Ulises. Reddish light. They play, moan, separate breathless. Mrs. Cat changes clothes.

CAT
Foreigners! They are all the same! From now on I will trade jungle babies.

ULISES (breathless)
You are a pleasant woman.

CAT
You've opened the way for me! I will amass a fortune!

ULISES
For the children?

Mrs. Cat laughs.

CAT
I must contact your acquaintances. Write me their names.

Ulises writes on a piece of paper.

CAT
And don't worry about Clímaco. His visa has already been issued. Your plan worked well.

ULISES
My plan?

CAT
And I'm sure some company will hire you. I could write you a letter of recommendation.

ULISES
I'm sorry, Mrs. Cat, but—

He reads from a piece of paper:

ULISES
"Globalization subsidizes foreign research. In exchange, its government requires that emigrants return to their underdeveloped nations so that they may follow the most appropriate paths." Appropriate for whom?

CAT
What? Are you criticizing our laws?

ULISES (naively)
No, I mean, without that help we would still be living in trees…

CAT
I see you have memorized your lesson! I want to see you anyway.

ULISES
I would prefer to adhere to the law.

CAT
So much honesty seems suspicious to me.

ULISES
I am an honest man.

CAT
Suppose you married me. Wouldn't that be enough to stay?

ULISES
No. The law requires me to be physically present in the jungle for two years.

CAT
Nothing more true! What a pity!

Mrs. Cat exits with an ironic smile. Ulises runs toward the opposite side.

Her exit leaves a brief sonic trace that dissolves into silence.

SCENE 20

The stage divides into two simultaneous levels.

Above, a balcony is activated: a narrow platform with matte black metal railing in vertical lines. The floor is light tile, slightly reflective. Behind, a high-definition nocturnal urban projection: distant lights, miniature traffic, depth suggesting height. A cold lateral light outlines the figure without casting hard shadows.

The MOTHER appears on this level, standing with her cedar cane. Her presence dominates from above.

Below, Ulises's apartment remains visible but dimmed. A faint warm light defines the sofa and central axis. Ulises occupies this plane.

Sound establishes two layers: light wind and height on the balcony; muffled interior below.

MOTHER
How many Honorable Units do you owe, Ulises?

ULISES (from below)
Twenty-five thousand.

MOTHER
I told you never to take a loan.

ULISES
I had to travel to Atlantis for my new job.

MOTHER
Did you receive the photos from Clímaco's engagement party?

ULISES
Yes.

MOTHER
I want you to tear them up. Destroy them.

ULISES
Why?

MOTHER (crying)
He suffers from his divorce, Ulises. That woman only cared about metapherine. Now that the poor man has not a penny left, she abandons him. She was nothing but a fortune hunter!

ULISES
Petronila?

MOTHER
Clímaco should have warned me of her intentions when he saw me handing over all our savings.

ULISES
I think you are being unfair to her.

MOTHER (crying)
I knew you would revel in your brother's misfortune!

The balcony light intensifies briefly, fixing the mother in an almost sculptural plane. Then it gradually dims.

The balcony dissolves into darkness. The projection disappears.

The apartment remains without the upper interlocutor.

Brief blackout.

SCENE 21

A new space in Modernopolis is configured immediately.

The floor adopts a cold gray polished concrete surface, with linear markings suggesting industrial use. At the back, a modular structure of translucent panels and metal frames defines a functional interior: it could be a building corridor, a corporate transit zone, or a hybrid workspace.

Lighting is white, uniform, slightly clinical, emphasizing contours. No warm zones.

Sound introduces an indoor urban environment: constant ventilation, distant doors, muffled footsteps.

Ulises is on stage.

A side door opens with irregular violence.

CLÍMACO enters.

His appearance signals collapse: layered rags, worn fabrics in muted tones, visible stains, frayed edges. His body shows signs of beating: unstable posture, irregular breathing.

Frontal light reveals every texture without added dramatization.

CLÍMACO
Ulises! My dear dwarf!

ULISES
Dwarf?

CLÍMACO
What?

ULISES
You called me "my dear dwarf."

CLÍMACO
What are you talking about?

The space does not change: violence is contained in Clímaco's body.

The scene holds in that encounter, already displaced from the previous domestic realm.

MOTHER (sobbing)
How can you be so inhuman, Ulises?

ULISES
Clímaco! My brother!

They embrace.

CLÍMACO
I'm so happy to see you! My dearest dwarf!

ULISES
I am your only brother!

CLÍMACO
I didn't mean to offend you—

ULISES
You already did, but I've forgiven you.

CLÍMACO
Life in the jungle is hell. You are fortunate to live in Globalization, where the sun shines every day. Have you seen the clothes I had to come in?

ULISES
To avoid the coyotes?

Ulises looks upward. Thunder and lightning.

CLÍMACO
That's what all people of high society do.

ULISES
Of course.

CLÍMACO
I've decided to move to Globalization before the end of the year.

ULISES
Will you rent an apartment?

CLÍMACO
It would bother me. I plan to share my bachelorhood with you.

Indefinitely. After all, my parents invested a fortune in your upbringing.

ULISES
But I need privacy, Clímaco!

CLÍMACO
The jungle stinks. I know you'll open that door for me. You won't leave me in the street!

ULISES
You don't understand. I live with Rosa, whose social name is Mrs. Bitch. She shares her life with me.

CLÍMACO (to the mother)
Did you hear that, mommy?

MOTHER
Have you lost your mind, Ulises?

CLÍMACO (to Ulises)
You are taking revenge because Petronila married me.

SCENE 22

The space opens into an apartment in Junglapolis, where interior and exterior merge through vegetal integration.

The floor is irregular tile in terracotta and ochre tones, with visible joints. Over it, a handwoven rug in thick

fibers, with faded stripes in red, green, and yellow, defines the central area.

The furniture combines disparate materials: a metal-frame sofa with cushions in patterned fabrics—floral, geometric—slightly worn; a low table made from recycled planks, supported by painted concrete blocks; stackable white plastic chairs alongside a wicker armchair.

The walls are saturated with objects.

On a main wall, a domestic shrine: a wooden shelf with images of Christ, virgins, and popular saints, surrounded by candles of different sizes—some lit, others melted—artificial flowers in intense colors, hanging rosaries, and small blinking lights in red and gold.

On the sides, outdated calendars with religious imagery, overlapping political posters, and an old television set placed on a wooden crate.

From the ceiling descend artificial vines mixed with real plants in hanging pots: ferns, pothos, climbing plants. Some reach the floor; others coil around metal structures. Vegetation is not decorative but invasive, fully integrated.

A wide terrace opens at the back through sliding glass doors, not entirely polished. Beyond, a dense view: buildings covered in plants, façades overtaken by vegetation, giant trees emerging among concrete structures. Urban depth merges with continuous green mass.

Light enters in warm tones, filtered through exterior vegetation. Inside, exposed yellow bulbs reinforce that temperature, creating uneven intensities.

Sound is constant: birds, insects, distant engines, overlapping radios from other apartments, indistinct voices. No element dominates.

Ulises is on stage.

Clímaco exits through the terrace, merging with the vegetal exterior.

ULISES
I must migrate to Globalization!

Petronila enters, smoking, light-blue trousers, leather jacket.

PETRONILA
Do it at once.

ULISES
My mother wants to live abroad.

PETRONILA
And what about me?

A green light from the terrace crosses the space and settles on both.

Petronila advances toward him.

PETRONILA
Is this how you repay me? After all these years? After everything I've done for you?

ULISES
It's not that—

PETRONILA

A lifetime here, with you. My years. And now you leave?

ULISES
It's the only way out.

PETRONILA
For whom?

ULISES
For both of us.

Petronila lets out a short, dry laugh.

PETRONILA
Don't include me.

ULISES
As soon as I have money, I'll take you. Everyone who goes to Globalization achieves their dreams. They have a house, a car. They travel. They live well.

PETRONILA
That's a lie.

ULISES
It isn't.

PETRONILA
They marry one of those animals to get papers. I know that story. You won't fool me.

Ulises remains silent. Exterior sound intensifies slightly.

PETRONILA
Many like me have already gone through the same thing.

ULISES
Not me.

PETRONILA
They all say that.

ULISES
I will do it for my mother.

Petronila stops. The green light stabilizes.

PETRONILA
If you swear it on your mother…

ULISES
I swear.

Petronila studies him.

PETRONILA
Then I believe you.

She holds his gaze a moment longer.

ULISES
And if not… you still have my brother.

PETRONILA
That hadn't occurred to me.

ULISES
He's in love with you. He told me.

PETRONILA
Really?

ULISES

Always has been.

Petronila puts out her cigarette on a metal plate. The gesture is slow, deliberate.

The green light withdraws gradually. Warm tones return.

PETRONILA
Why didn't you tell me before?

Petronila takes her jacket, holds it briefly without putting it on, and exits.

The space returns to its vegetal continuity.

Ulises organizes objects: aligns the table, repositions a chair, moves aside a fallen pot, cleans with functional precision.

The shrine remains lit.

Warm light stabilizes. Candles project small flickering cores over the religious images. From the terrace, vegetation continues its slow movement.

The exterior sound persists. Nothing dominates.

SCENE 23

Pig and Fox. The Junglapolis space transforms through technological superposition.

Large LED panels descend from above and unfold in three planes: background, sides, and over the

proscenium. Vegetation is absorbed into the projected image, becoming residual texture that dissolves into digital surfaces.

The floor is covered with reflective polished gray material, multiplying projections. Cold white light lines trace circulation paths like airport corridors.

On the screens: glass-and-steel architecture, suspended walkways, large-scale columns, infinite windows. Aircraft taxiing, illuminated runways, service vehicles in continuous motion.

International signage in white typography over dark backgrounds: boarding gates, connections, waiting times. Secondary floating screens show real-time schedules: cities, flight numbers, statuses—boarding, delayed, final call—constantly changing.

Sound expands in multiple layers: announcements in several languages, rolling suitcases, hurried footsteps, automatic doors, distant engines, electronic scanners. Nothing dominates; everything circulates.

Lighting is intense white, without warmth. High-gloss surfaces reflect moving figures. No full shadows.

At the center, a control island: modular white counter with integrated screens. Around it, continuous transit of projected silhouettes.

Mr. Pig and Mr. Fox enter. Their bodies integrate into the system seamlessly.

PIG
Did you miss the plane again? We ordered you to go to the jungle and bring us a suitcase of condiments!

ULISES
I may be needy, but I'm not stupid. I must pick up my brother at the airport! He doesn't speak the honorable language and I cannot abandon him! I resign.

FOX
I told you! Never trust a jungle man!

PIG
You are banished from all Globalization business!

They exit.

Screens intensify momentarily. A multilingual announcement crosses the space. Movement does not stop.

SCENE 24

The airport reorganizes into arrivals.

Screens shift to arrival data. A conveyor belt appears through projection synchronized with partial physical elements: fragments of real luggage emerging and disappearing.

Lighting remains white, slightly lowered, appropriate to waiting space.

Sound concentrates on luggage movement, welcome announcements, fragmented conversations.

Ulises stands aligned with the baggage area.

Sound of rolling wheels.

Clímaco enters with two suitcases: one rigid, reflective; the other soft, worn.

CLÍMACO
Thanks for helping me at the airport, dwarf.

ULISES
It's the least I can do.

Clímaco observes the space.

CLÍMACO
What a clean, beautiful place! You must earn a fortune. Do you have a maid?

ULISES
I spent the night cleaning it.

CLÍMACO
Did your girlfriend help?

ULISES
No; she's devoted to her work. She spends entire nights at her office.

CLÍMACO
I'd like to meet her! Where is she?

ULISES
She won't be back until Wednesday.

CLÍMACO
What is she doing?

ULISES
Visiting a friend, I think.

CLÍMACO

You think? A friend?

Sound compresses slightly.

ULISES
I prepared a room for you.

CLÍMACO
Don't move. I'm so happy to see you.

They embrace amid projected passengers.

SCENE 25

The airport withdraws in digital layers.

Screens turn white. Floor lines switch off. Sound fades into contained interior ambience.

The space becomes Ulises and Rosa's apartment in Globalization.

Clean surfaces, functional precision, white light, no shadows.

Ulises is present.

Rosa and Samuel enter.

Rosa wears a structured white wedding dress. Samuel a dark suit.

ULISES
What is this?

SAMUEL

Isn't it obvious? We're anticipating Halloween. We're dressed as a couple getting married.

Rosa does not contradict him.

ROSA
Samuel broke a new record: one hundred ten meters.

ULISES
A great step for humanity.

SAMUEL
Rosa, I have something to tell you.

ROSA
Ulises, it's about Samuel.

They shake hands.

ULISES
Congratulations.

SAMUEL
Did you send your résumé?

ULISES
I think so.

SAMUEL
What would you like to do?

ULISES
I'm a cook… but I'd like to be an executive. Even president.

SAMUEL (laughing)
You? I love it.

ULISES
Not at all.

ROSA
Toilet cleaner.

SAMUEL (serious)
I can't help you.

Samuel shifts.

SAMUEL
I will become a full-time athlete. I'll give lectures worldwide.

ROSA
He earns one hundred thousand a month!

ULISES
You make me feel pity.

SAMUEL
I do what I can.

ULISES
Clímaco is here.

ROSA
From the jungle?

SCENE 26

Clímaco enters transformed: luxury suit, labels visible, posture restored.

ULISES

He'll stay five months.

ROSA
After everything?

ULISES
He's changed.

SAMUEL
I like him.

ROSA
You didn't consult me.

SAMUEL
He's eccentric.

Rosa leans on Samuel.

ROSA
I leave for New Delhi tomorrow.

Silence.

ULISES
He can stay in a hotel.

CLÍMACO
What?

Clímaco exits.

SCENE 27

ULISES
Clímaco, wait!

Ulises sits.

ROSA
I can't trust you.

ULISES
You don't understand.

ROSA
Samuel and I will marry today.

SAMUEL
Excuse me?

ULISES
I'm glad.

SAMUEL
I thought it was a joke.

ROSA
I never said that.

ULISES
I'll leave you alone.

SAMUEL
I only seek pleasure.

ROSA
How dare you?

SAMUEL
I must leave for Australia.

ROSA
Ulises means nothing.

SAMUEL
You're both sick.

ROSA
My parents esteem you!

SAMUEL
I only wanted sex.

Samuel exits.

ULISES
Sex? I must speak to him!

ROSA
Your wife?

Ulises exits.

Rosa collapses.

ROSA
Once we succeed, we need no one! But I am a woman! How can I succeed? No contacts, no name, no inheritance!

She takes the gun and exits.

ULISES (O.S.)
No one disrespects the woman I love!

CLÍMACO (O.S.)
Ulises!

Four shots.

ULISES (O.S.)

What have you done?

ROSA
Not me, Ulises! You! What have you done?

Lights out.

AKT III

SCENE 1

Pig; Ulises.

The stage opens onto a wide clearing in an autumnal landscape.

The ground is covered with an irregular layer of dry leaves in ochre, reddish, and yellow tones, which crackle softly with any movement. Between them, damp, dark patches of earth appear. At the sides, clusters of dense shrubs in chromatic transition—muted greens turning to copper—define the space without enclosing it.

At the back, a deep perspective: a row of tall, slender-trunked trees whose crowns show sparse foliage, already in the process of falling. Beyond, through projection, a wide hay field unfolds, pale golden in tone, slightly undulating in the wind. The horizon line is clean and low, beneath a broad washed-blue sky crossed by thin clouds drifting slowly.

Some cylindrical hay bales are placed at varying distances, reinforcing the field's depth.

The light is naturalistic, late afternoon: warm but not saturated, with a gentle angle projecting long, diffuse shadows. There are no harsh contrasts; everything is perceived in harmonic continuity.

Sound is faint and sustained: low wind crossing the field, leaves brushing, a distant echo of scattered birds. No human presence.

Ulises is on stage.

His body bears the passage of time: bald, heavier, with a more contained posture. He wears simple work

clothes, without defined urban traits. Before him, a wooden easel. On it, a canvas in progress.

He paints with slow movements. He stops frequently. He does not observe the landscape before him, but the audience, as if the referent were displaced.

A neutral voice is heard, without spatial location.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Seven years later.

Ulises continues painting. The wind moves some leaves around him. One crosses the central plane and stops near the easel.

In the distance, barely perceptible, the sound of footsteps on leaves.

Mr. Pig enters.

PIG
You! Friend!

Ulises looks around, surprised.

PIG
You! Yes! Do you have a match?

ULISES
I don't smoke.

PIG
Neither do I.

ULISES
Look! I'm not that kind of—

PIG
Do we know each other?

ULISES
Of course not.

PIG
A friend arranged to meet me here in fifteen minutes. She said she wanted to introduce me to some friends. By any chance, do you know Petronila?

ULISES
Yes… but I thought I would meet her alone.

PIG
A pleasure to meet you. I am Mr. Pig.

ULISES
Ulises Argüello.

PIG
Have you been here long?

ULISES
About an hour. It's my favorite place.

PIG
It's solitary and remote. Isn't it dangerous?

ULISES
You won't see anyone else wandering around here.

PIG
What are you painting?

ULISES
A mountain.

Mr. Pig looks at the painting.

PIG
Quite red! Are you new in town?

ULISES
I've been away for several years.

PIG
How fortunate! I've spent half my life in this unpleasant town.

FOX (O.S.)
At last!

PIG
Good God!

SCENE 2

Ulises, Pig, Fox, Petronila

The space remains: the autumn clearing does not transform, but tension concentrates in the middle plane. The wind subsides slightly; sound becomes more contained, as if the air thickened.

Mr. Fox and Petronila enter.

Mr. Fox is dressed in white, in correspondence with Pig. Petronila wears jeans and a black shirt, white handbag. Their entrance does not alter the light, but reorganizes the scene: the axis shifts toward the center.

FOX
We've been looking for you. What are you doing here, in this place?

PIG
We need to talk.

FOX (to Ulises)
What is he doing here?

ULISES (to Petronila)
I thought we were going to be alone.

PETRONILA
I'm so sorry, Ulises!

FOX
This is the murderer of Jake M. Junior! Ulises Argüello! He even worked for us some time ago!

PIG (nervous)
Well! I didn't recognize him!

ULISES
What is all this about?

PETRONILA
I wanted to introduce you.

FOX
Is he in the business too?

PETRONILA
I'm so happy you got out of prison, Ulises.

ULISES
So you kept importing goods from the jungle. When you said you wanted to see me, I didn't think it would be for business matters.

PETRONILA
Yes, but… anyway! These gentlemen are my distributors in Globalization and I—

ULISES
I'm not interested. Now, if you'll excuse me—

Ulises rolls up his canvas and prepares to leave.

PETRONILA
Ulises! I'm sorry. Can I see you later? Just so we can talk…

ULISES
We'll see.

PETRONILA
I'll be free in half an hour! Please, come!

Ulises exits.

SCENE 3

Pig, Fox, Petronila

The clearing remains. The depth of the landscape flattens slightly through more frontal light. The sound of wind nearly disappears.

FOX
What a waste of time!

PIG
In fact, there is something serious to discuss.

Mr. Pig takes out a pair of gloves from his suit, which he puts on slowly.

PIG
Two million Honorable Units disappeared from my safe. You are the only ones who know the combination.

FOX
I had to tell her, Petronila.

PETRONILA
What do you mean?

Mr. Pig takes out a pistol; he plays with it.

FOX
What you told me the other day: that you needed money for a facelift.

PETRONILA
That proves nothing.

Mr. Pig shoots Mr. Fox four times, who falls to the ground.

PETRONILA
Damn you!

Mr. Pig throws the gun onto the body.

PIG
I fulfilled my part.

Petronila takes out her phone and calls.

PETRONILA
Ulises? Did you hear the shots? It was horrible! Please, come! Yes! It's urgent!

She hangs up.

PIG
What a viper!

PETRONILA
Thank you!

Petronila and Mr. Pig exit.

SCENE 4

Ulises, Pig, Lion, Hyena, Bear, Equine, Eagle, Cow, Rat, Asp

No change of space. The clearing fills with presence. The background loses depth due to saturation of bodies.

Ulises enters. He observes the corpse. He kneels, takes the gun.

ULISES
Petronila?

LION (O.S.)
The shots came from here!

Mr. Lion, Hyena, Bear, Equine, Pig, and Eagle enter along with Mrs. Cow, Rat, and Asp.

RAT
And who are you?

COW
This is terrible!

HYENA
He killed him!

ASP
He has a gun!

BEAR
I know who you are!

ULISES
I just found this gun and—

EAGLE
Ulises Argüello! I see seven years in prison were not enough for you!

HYENA
A serial killer!

COW
He must be flayed!

RAT
This is his latest victim!

ASP
A psychopath! That's what he is!

HYENA
Call the doorman!

ULISES
Wait! I'm just a spectator.

(pointing at Pig)
He killed him! I was ambushed! Ambushed by him and Petronila!

Mr. Pig throws himself onto Mr. Fox's body.

PIG (crying)
For the love of the Designer! You murdered him! Little Fox, my friend!

ASP
Murdered by an outsider!

BEAR
By a savage!

RAT
By an ex-convict!

HYENA
Now I understand what he meant when he said he wanted to turn this nation into a territory forbidden to gentlemen!

ASP
Right?

LION
Were you capable of that?

ULISES
Me?

COW
How dare you?

ULISES
I swear I don't remember!

HYENA
Not only a murderer! Also a liar! Do you remember Mr. Wasp?

PIG
Our dear judge?

HYENA
Last month his daughter was run over by a car driven by a jungle individual!

COW
I can't believe it!

EAGLE
They're all the same breed!

ULISES
What are you talking about?

HYENA
The damned man pretends!

ULISES
Stop talking such bullshit! I won't accept your prejudices again!

EAGLE
No one criticizes us without consequences, you fool!

BEAR
I am the only one entitled to criticize my country!

COW
Death to the loudmouth!

RAT
Let's hang him!

Mr. Lion attacks Ulises, who shields himself behind his canvas. The fabric falls. Ulises throws the gun onto the body and flees.

BEAR
To the train station!

Trumpets. Everyone except Mr. Equine and Mrs. Rat step over the canvas and exit.

RAT
Aren't you going to prosecute him?

EQUINE
We should.

Mr. Equine lifts Ulises's canvas.

RAT
Why sympathize with him? He's insane!

EQUINE
He irritates me as much as he does you, Mrs. Rat, but we must control our hatred. Our community cannot survive without cheap labor from immigrants like him.

Mr. Pig enters.

RAT
You are always right, Mr. Equine!

SCENE 5

Clímaco, Pig, Fox, Eagle

The space continues, but the energy reorganizes: Fox's body ceases to be the center; it becomes a functional object.

Clímaco enters limping, carrying a camera.

PIG
Zorry! I thought you were dead!

Mr. Fox takes the gun, examines it, and pockets it. He stands, removes his shirt, revealing a bulletproof vest with four embedded slugs.

FOX
Did someone try to kill me?

Mr. Eagle enters.

PIG
I can explain!

FOX
Where are we? Who are you? I have a headache!

Clímaco approaches him. Mr. Eagle speaks on his phone.

CLÍMACO
May we take some photos of you, Mr. Fox?

FOX
Well…

PIG (quickly)
The citizens of Globalization have the right to know how outsiders like Ulises operate. It was he who tried to kill you, Mr. Fox.

FOX
In that case… go ahead, please.

CLÍMACO
Wonderful!

Clímaco takes several photos of Mr. Fox.

SCENE 6

Rosa, Pig, Eagle, Equine, Rat

Perceptual transition: the clearing becomes a media space.

A subtle projection appears in the background: graphics, broadcast signal. The light turns whiter and more uniform.

Rosa enters with a microphone and recorder.

EAGLE
The ambulance is on its way.

PIG
I will take him to intensive care myself.

Rosa approaches Mr. Equine and Mrs. Rat.

ROSA
Mr. Equine! I would like to ask you a few questions about this racial incident.

EQUINE
A pleasure to see you, Miss Bitch! How is your television program doing?

ROSA
We would like to promote another campaign of social interest. What about one against personal abuse?

EQUINE
Another one?

ROSA
Mr. Stallion! I'd like to buy a country house…

EQUINE
City apartments aren't enough, are they?

RAT
My dear Miss Bitch!

ROSA
Mrs. Rat! What a pleasure to see you! What a beautiful dress!

RAT
My institute has just approved a fifty-million-Honorable-Unit campaign against sun tanning.

ROSA
I would love to help you, Mrs. Rat.

(to Equine)
Excuse me, Mr. Equine!

(to Rat)
Do you believe this attack was racially motivated?

RAT
Let's get to the point. Is the Pope Catholic? Of course! Those outsiders are turning this land into a mixed-race nation.

ROSA
Now that the drug issue is on the table, following the recent legalization of metapherine, don't you think it is time for the government to be tougher on immigrants?

RAT
We may despise the terrible actions of Adolph the Hun, but he was ahead of his time when he built his concentration camps.

ROSA
Are you, then, in favor of restoring the monarchy?

RAT
Certainly. I am Mrs. Rat, daughter of Mrs. Rat, granddaughter of Mrs. Rat, daughter of the daughter of the eldest.

ROSA
DNA researchers claim that humanity originally came from the jungle. What is your opinion?

RAT
Those people are a bunch of mixed-blood charlatans. I prefer Arthur C. Clarke, who demonstrated that a UFO brought intelligence from the sky. The ape who throws the bone is clearly the first gentleman of Globalization. That I come from the jungle? Nonsense! Those mixed breeds don't have as many airplanes as we do! They're fine as they are! After all, we need their trees to breathe. Look at me! Do you think I have anything in common with those savages?

ROSA
Unfortunately, they are also human.

RAT
How can you put men and mixed breeds in the same category?

ROSA (laughing)
True!

RAT
These immigrants must be confined, taken straight to the nearest port, and sent back to wherever they came from.

ROSA
Thank you, Mrs. Rat, for your timely contribution.

RAT
My pleasure, Miss Bitch.

(aside)
I'll send you the check this weekend.

ROSA
This was Mrs. Rat, from the National Institute for Integration. Now back to the studio, with the latest sports news.

Music. Darkness.

ULISES (O.S.)
Help!

SCENE 7

Samuel, Ulises (O.S.), Young Mother (O.S.)

Change of scene.

The clearing dissolves into dimness.

An interior emerges: an apartment in Globalization.

Clean space, smooth surfaces, stable artificial lighting. A side door is visible.

Samuel enters in a wheelchair.

SAMUEL
Who's there?

ULISES (O.S.)
Open the door!

SAMUEL
It's open.

Ulises enters, bruised.

ULISES
Where is my mother?

SAMUEL
Who are you?

ULISES
They're after me!

SAMUEL
Dolly!

YOUNG MOTHER (O.S.)
Coming!

SCENE 8

Ulises, Samuel, Young Mother, Bear (O.S.), Hyena (O.S.), Pig (O.S.)

The apartment stabilizes fully. Frontal light, no shadows.

The Young Mother enters.

(The entire scene unfolds without further spatial changes.)

Knocking at the door generates external pressure.

Ulises tries to flee.

The Young Mother and Samuel follow.

SAMUEL
Call the police, Dolly!

YOUNG MOTHER
Ulises!

ULISES
Who are you?

YOUNG MOTHER
Don't you recognize me? Of course not! How could you?

(to Samuel)
Don't worry, Sammy. This is Ulises, my son.

ULISES
Mother?

SAMUEL
Your son? Ulises the murderer?

YOUNG MOTHER
Yes! I forgot to tell you: he got out of prison last weekend.

(to Ulises)
Don't look at me like that, my son. I feel terrible when I have to explain to people what I've been through.

ULISES
Where is my mother?

SAMUEL
Don't speak to my wife like that!

YOUNG MOTHER
Don't be rude, darling!

(to Ulises)
I am your mother, Ulises. Seven years in prison must be terrible. Aren't you proud of my new voluptuous appearance?

ULISES
Where is my mother? Do we know each other?

SAMUEL
Her body was burned.

ULISES
What? She died?

YOUNG MOTHER
Don't be silly! I just had a body implant.

ULISES
A body implant?

YOUNG MOTHER
Or a brain implant, depending on your point of view. It's the latest in cosmetic surgery. One day my doctor told me I needed a new heart, two lungs, and a kidney. My condition was critical—you know: sex, drugs, and rock and roll. For a couple of hours I thought I was going to die. But, thanks to the Designer, my nurse knew I was one of the hundred wealthiest women in this country. I responded positively; as you know, I've made a fortune in casinos. The doctor then informed me that, due to the high number of young victims in jungle hospitals, I could buy a healthy body. At first I was frightened, but then I thought: why not? So they removed my brain from my old body and placed it in this magnificent, beautiful one. Isn't it wonderful?

ULISES
I don't believe you!

SAMUEL
How could he? He's an ex-convict!

ULISES
This is a nightmare!

YOUNG MOTHER
Body transplants are the best-kept secret of Globalization, Ulises. Can you imagine the mafia's reaction if people found out that now one can buy a body?

ULISES
But why? Isn't one life enough?

YOUNG MOTHER
Don't lecture me. You've always been a foolish child. Think of all the shame you've caused Clímaco and me.

ULISES
Clímaco? Where is he?

YOUNG MOTHER
He has become a famous cameraman. Don't tell me you didn't know! I admire his courage. Every week he chases criminals with a video camera.

ULISES
(pointing at Samuel)
I know him! Samuel Hardrib! He used to jump from a helicopter without a parachute!

YOUNG MOTHER
We met at the hospital. Isn't it romantic?

ULISES
What?

YOUNG MOTHER
Samuel will also change bodies. We're just waiting for the right man to die. It's so difficult to reach an agreement. He wants someone like me, but I prefer green eyes, fair skin, and black hair.

SAMUEL
Those don't die every day, my dear. We'll end up buying one of those dark-skinned types, like your son. I can't wait to beat my own record!

ULISES
You're sick! Both of you are sick!

YOUNG MOTHER
Don't be reactionary, Ulises.

Knocking.

BEAR (O.S.)
Open the door!

SAMUEL
Who is it?

HYENA (O.S.)
You are harboring a criminal!

YOUNG MOTHER
There must be some mistake. You just got out of prison, didn't you, Ulises?

ULISES
They're accusing me of killing a man, mother!

Knocking.

SAMUEL
A gentleman?

ULISES
Be quiet!

YOUNG MOTHER
Respect your father, Ulises!

ULISES
My father?

YOUNG MOTHER
Well, not yet. We intend to marry next year.

Knocking.

ULISES
I have to escape, mother!

SAMUEL
You're not going to shelter a criminal!

YOUNG MOTHER
I suppose I must. I am his mother; my love for him must be unconditional.

ULISES
They're going to kill me!

SAMUEL
She didn't even recognize you!

YOUNG MOTHER
True…

ULISES
Please! Where is the exit?

YOUNG MOTHER
Wouldn't it be wonderful, Samuel, to use Ulises's body for your brain?

SAMUEL
He's too old.

Knocking.

PIG (O.S.)
We're going to break the door down!

SAMUEL
It's open!

Ulises exits.

YOUNG MOTHER
That way I'd have my lover and my son—two in one!

The men cross the stage carrying sticks and weapons.

The Young Mother and Samuel follow.

SCENE 9

Eagle, Equine, Wasp, Giraffe
Change of scene.
The apartment disappears.
An auction/gallery space is installed.
A background screen displays an enlarged version of Ulises's painting. Full, frontal light—almost surgical.

EAGLE
Argüello asserts significance both through his art—painting—and through his subject—landscape. These impositions are raw, familiar, verisimilar, yet they scarcely prepare us for the scale and virtuosity with which he evokes subsequent subjects: mountains, the loss of winds,

the Apocalypse, the final days of humanity. Maturing romantic grandeur with modernist ironies, Argüello offers a painting about painting: evoking "the greater brushstroke," called history, through a range of dramatic nuances, idyllic colors, measures, amoral tragedy, magical twilights, philosophical landscapes, with an ensemble of images derived from tens of millions of seconds stitched together in prison—he himself concealing murder as the sole protagonist.

Full lights. Mrs. Giraffe and Mr. Equine enter carrying the painting, presenting it to the audience.

EAGLE
Who offers one million Honorable Units? Two million? The pharmacist on the left offers twenty. And you, Mr. Wasp? Not dead after all, just out celebrating! Forty? Eighty million? One hundred? Three hundred? Six hundred from the lady with the pink tattoo! Ladies and gentlemen! This is the most expensive painting ever sold! Mr. Ostrich, director of the rising corporation, offers one billion! One billion going once! Going twice! And sold—one billion to Mr. Ostrich!

Mr. Wasp enters. Mrs. Giraffe takes the canvas and exits.

EAGLE
Our criminal has become a star of pop art.

EQUINE
I must admit I am impressed by his talent.

WASP
Perhaps we should forgive him for his crimes.

EQUINE
I have thought about that. The fellow proved not to be guilty.

EAGLE
I fear such an action would devalue his paintings.

EQUINE
I have a better idea, but first we must find him—before the honorable gentlemen hang him.

Mr. Eagle and Mr. Equine exit.

SCENE 10

Ulises, Petronila, Pig, Fox

Change of scene.

The space contracts: clandestine interior. Curtains closed. Low, focused light.

Sound of babies crying.

Petronila, Mr. Pig, and Mr. Fox enter, each carrying plastic dolls.

PETRONILA
Did you close all the curtains?

FOX
I did everything Mr. Pig instructed.

PIG
We are safe here.

They tear open the dolls, extracting several bags of metapherine.

Ulises enters and falls to his knees, pleading.

ULISES
Help me!

PETRONILA
Ulises!

FOX
What are you doing here?

ULISES
So you didn't die?

Mr. Fox kicks Ulises violently in the face. Ulises howls in pain and drags himself across the floor. His mouth bleeds profusely.

FOX
Murderer!

ULISES
It wasn't me! I swear! Petronila set me up!

FOX
What?

PIG
They're looking for you everywhere!

PETRONILA
Get out! Lies!

FOX
Now I remember!

PIG
Call the police, Petronila.

PETRONILA
What?

Ulises spits his teeth onto the floor.

ULISES
Why don't you just finish me?

SCENE 11

Ulises, Pig, Fox, Petronila, Bear, Monkey, Lion, Rat, Cow, Asp

The space saturates.

Lighting increases slightly, revealing everything without concealment.

Mr. Bear, Mr. Monkey, and Mr. Lion enter along with Mrs. Rat, Mrs. Cow, and Mrs. Asp.

Bear and Lion lift Ulises. Lion carries a thick rope.

LION
You made a crucial mistake! No one escapes the hands of Globalization!

RAT
Let's smash his head against the wall!

COW
Could you tie that rope to some protrusion of the stage, Mr. Lion?

Mr. Lion exits.

RAT
What the hell is going on here?

Mr. Pig and Petronila try to hide the dolls and the bags in their laps.

ASP
They are baby killers!

PIG
No! For the love of the Designer!

RAT
If that were true—

PETRONILA
They're just dolls!

MONKEY
Let's see…

Mr. Monkey examines the dolls.

MONKEY
They're telling the truth.

BEAR
And what about those white bags?

RAT
They must be metapherine.

The group exhales, disillusioned.

The two ends of Lion's rope fall from above.

ASP
Tie it tightly!

Mr. Monkey takes one end and makes a hangman's knot.

Mr. Bear strikes Ulises.

Mr. Lion enters.

LION
What are you doing?

BEAR
We don't want to hang him while he sleeps. He might be startled and suffer a heart attack.

FOX
And what are you waiting for to arrest us?

COW
You don't seem very well informed, Mr. Fox. The government legalized metapherine about an hour ago.

PETRONILA
Impossible! Then how are we supposed to live?

PIG (crying)
It can't be! But why?

PETRONILA (devastated)
Then this is worth nothing!

She throws the dolls into the air, scattering white powder across the stage.

Mr. Pig embraces her. They exit like Adam and Eve expelled from paradise.

SCENE 12

Ulises, Bear, Lion, Monkey, Rat, Cow, Asp, Fox (O.S.), Petronila (O.S.), Pig (O.S.)

No change of space.

Tension shifts toward the edge of the stage (offstage sound).

FOX (O.S.)
This won't end like this!

Mr. Fox draws a gun and exits.

COW
Has Mr. Fox gone mad?

Mr. Bear drops Ulises as the others move to observe offstage.

FOX (O.S.)
No one makes a fool of me!

MONKEY
It's a mafia settling of accounts!

Two shots are heard.

PETRONILA (O.S.)
They killed me!

PIG (O.S.)
Me too!

COW
Mr. Monkey is absolutely right.

They turn toward Ulises. Mr. Bear hits him.

ULISES
Yes?

Mr. Lion and Mr. Bear lift him. Mr. Monkey places the noose around his neck.

Mrs. Cow, Rat, and Asp take the other end of the rope.

LION
Would you like to say your last words? Just for the record.

ULISES
You sons of bitches!

BEAR
I'm so glad to confirm we are acting correctly!

SCENE 13

Ulises, Clímaco, Young Mother, Cat, Samuel, Rosa, ensemble

Change of scenic regime.

The space opens into a frontal choreographic plane.

Total, homogeneous light. All naturalistic illusion disappears.

Choral entrance.

Music.

Ulises jumps onto the stage and dances.

Clímaco, the Young Mother, and Mrs. Cat enter.

Choreography.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

CLÍMACO
I shattered bones in lavish falling,
through cliffs where vertigo commands;
today I'm crowned by bodies, dwellings
that mercenary soothe my hips.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

YOUNG MOTHER
My husband vile, my children darkened;
now night by night I change my crown:
strangers enthrone my flesh in fragments,
false glory dressing what I am.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

SAMUEL
Confessed parasite, not yet departed;
my pact is shadow, tacit, servile:
I mirror idols that I offer,
and in your lineage carve my future.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

CAT
If I was fraud, now I am measure;

I traffic cradles, profit birth;
my law distills in drug and damage
the faith that markets call their worth.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

ROSA
I was dismissed; now they implore me;
my gold persists beyond all sense:
without adornment I construct
a kingdom cold, devoid of heart.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

ULISES
I was a shadow, lost in passage;
they killed me twice—in fact, in fiction;
now I proclaim the art uncertain:
to hang the other is redemption.

ENSEMBLE
This is triumphant Globalization,
where the migrant meets extinction;
through word and act it rules, dominant,
the law of profit and of lustful feast.

Proof